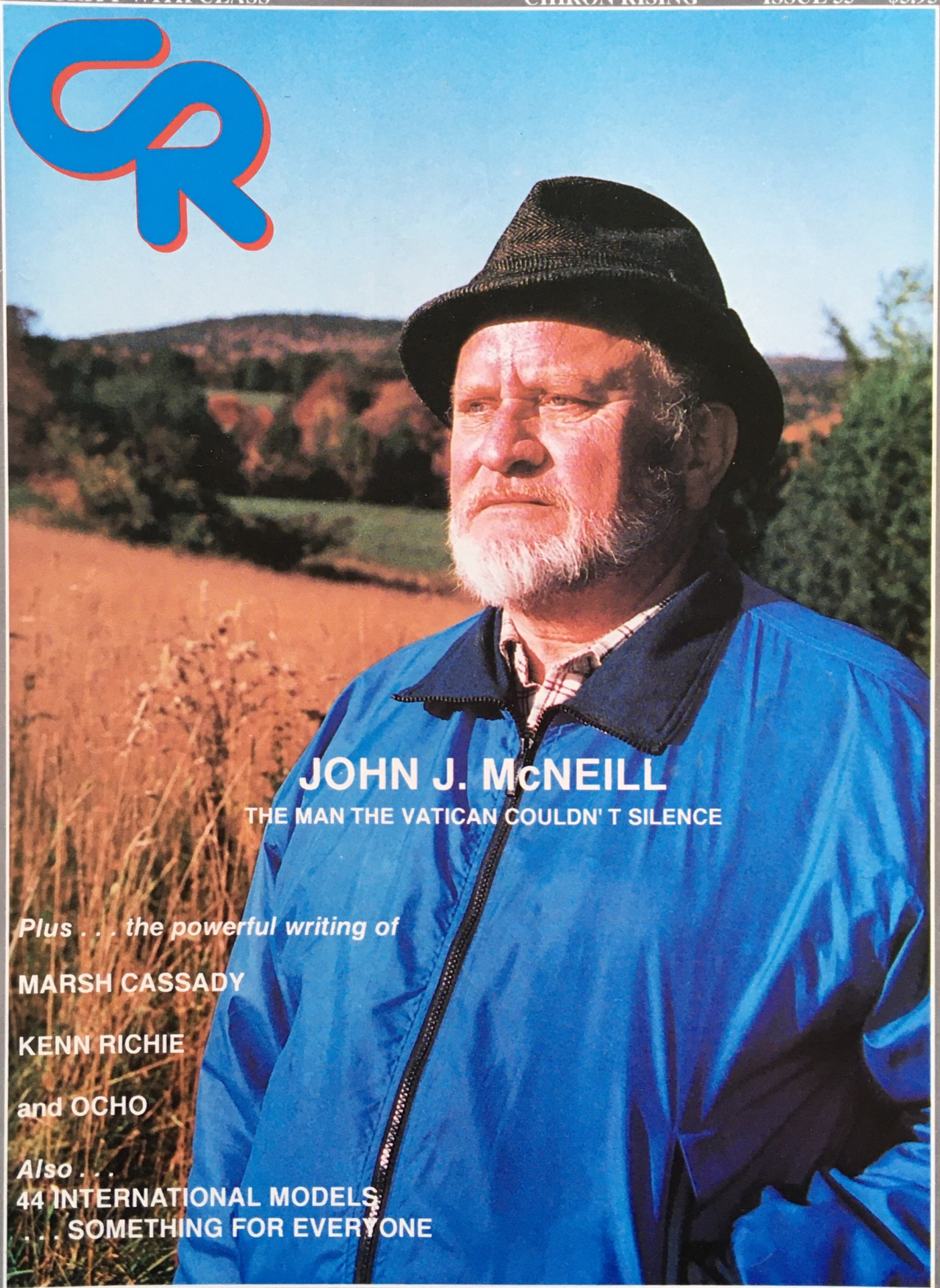
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 55 $5.95

CR



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Also . . .
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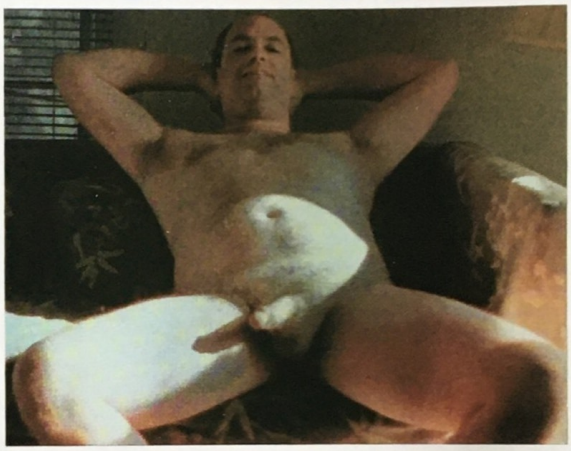

Clockwise, upper left:

ARNIE & JOE DI FRANCO - photo by BOB

WALTER - photo by HANS-RUDOLF

KANSAS JAYHAWK - a self-portrait

PANDA & DON QUIXOTE - anonymous

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CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE ISSUE 55

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CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

F O R U M

THE DEMAND FOR CR BACK ISSUES

A few months ago I wrote a letter to you regarding your great magazine. I don't know if my letter was printed in one of your issues, because the book store where I purchase your magazine was not receiving CR due to distributor problems. They since have changed distributors and already have on display the F/W 92/93 *CR CLASSICS* issue, which I have already purchased. Again, this is a great magazine. The reason I am writing is because I'd like to purchase copies of all the back issues that I do not have, but your current order form states that all back issues are sold out. I'd even be willing to pay for photocopies of back issues. Maybe this could be done from your personal collection. Hopefully you kept copies of every issue. If this is not possible, maybe one of your subscribers wants to sell their old copies of CR or would be willing to make photocopies at a reasonable rate. I'd love to purchase these back issues or at least have copies. If you can print this letter in your next issue, and since I won't have problems purchasing same from my book store, I will get in touch with you. Sorry, I must still sign . . . STILL CLOSETED

For all you guys out there who are deeply closeted like the gentleman above, please take notice. It would be nice if you trusted us, because we are highly trustworthy. But if you can't, you can always rent a P.O. or drop box, establish an alias, and pay with a money order. Thousands of men who have a lot to lose do it that way. Regarding the sold-out back issues, we don't have the resources to make photocopies of entire magazines. Our advice: take out an ad like the one in this issue for back issues. Maybe some entrepreneurial soul can make some money by copying back issues. As long as the issues are sold out, we really don't care. PHC

STOOD UP AND PISSED

Am I stupid, old fashioned, naive or what? Last week, three people that I'd made contact with through *CR* not only didn't keep dates we had made, but also didn't phone to say so! Garbled syntax, but I'm pissed. Why bother going through the bother of contacting me? I had met two in person, but the third only via mail and telephone. So it couldn't be bad breath. Is this typical, or have I just met a string of losers? Could you yet again print something about this? Hope springs eternal, but these occurrences are certainly dimming. (Model's name withheld)

I must say that I'm really amazed. This model is one of our most popular, and people who've met him say that he's really a nice guy. Did he run into a string of three losers? It depends upon your perception of the word "loser." There is a sense out there that popular CR models are so much in demand that their being stood up wouldn't amount to a hill of beans. Maybe these no-shows are intimidated or shy. Maybe they're afraid of falling for the model and getting hurt. It would be so nice if all letters to models and advertisers were answered and no one ever got stood up, but not all people are considerate of the feelings of others. My advice: don't waste time pondering it. Discard the "losers" and move on, reserving yourself for those who will answer your letters and won't stand you up. And from one of those encounters, you'll strike gold. PHC

THE STIGMA OF INTERGENERATIONAL LOVE

I am writing on behalf of all the young men out there who are attracted to and want a relationship with an older man. I want to urge older men not to give up on us. I know there are many risks involved for older men who want younger partners. Others may accuse them of being cradle robbers or of using financial independence to manipulate or seduce younger men. There are young men who only want older men for money or a free trip through college. There are young men who have not yet even begun to develop the mind-set necessary for a successful relationship. Then there are the young men who are as desperate and lonely as their older counterparts. They find themselves with little or no opportunities to meet men to whom they are attracted. The "gay community" labels us as men with "father complexes." The older men we meet may assume we want them only for their money. But, believe me, some of us are for real. I have had a successful, loving relationship with a man who is thirty years older than me (I am 23) for three years now. We are very much in love, and I don't know what I would do without him. We met through the personals in a local gay newspaper. He placed the ad. If he had given up, we would not be together today, and I would be isolated, alone, and afraid that there simply weren't older men out there who were interested in relationships with young men. There have to be other men like me in the world who need older men to keep trying to reach us. Although my lover and I did not meet through CR, your magazine has meant a lot to me. It helps me see that I am not a complete oddity in my interest in older men. The stories, art, and articles are like a validation of a part of myself that, before I found your magazine, was never validated. You are two courageous and caring men. Thank you. R.S./Minneapolis

A GROWING UNIVERSAL APPEAL

Anything is possible with CR! If I didn't believe in magic before, I certainly do now! I've been a loyal reader since the days of SWAN, but I've always assumed I was an exception to 99% of your readers because I have been hoping to remarry one day. However, I have continued to advertise in and respond to ads in CR because of the quality of the magazine and caliber of your readers. In the process, I have made many friends all over the world, including Spain and Australia. Many remain in frequent contact even though we have yet to meet in person. As your distributor expanded into family stores, more of my contacts came from men who had fantasized, but had never been with, another man. To my utter amazement, one of these has become a dear friend, with both of us sharing our lives and feelings. Because of our similar backgrounds and children, he is comfortable with all my non-gay friends (I am strictly closeted), and should I ever meet the right woman, I have little doubt that he would be accepted as a friend to her also. As CR expands, the chances for your readers to meet their Mr. Rights become greater and greater. Most sincere thanks for such a wonderful publication! BIMAN/New Jersey

Our previous distributor dealt with a large East Coast magazine wholesaler who indiscriminately placed CR in everything from suburban convenience stores to magazine kiosks at Kennedy Airport. In a way, this was good, because the magazine

got into the hands of a lot of closeted men who would never set foot inside a gay or adult book store. The bad part was that the wholesaler was never required to substantiate his returns with torn-off covers from unsold copies—a standard industry procedure. Instead, he told our distributor that he only sold around 2% of the thousands of issues shipped to him, and our distributor bought it . . . and crammed the loss down our throats. Our current distributor is much more discriminating about who he deals with. PHC

Hello! As a female, I love your magazine. More photos! B.R./Oslo, Norway

I thought you'd be interested to know that my wife and I both love your magazine. We really don't know how to classify ourselves sexually, but we certainly appreciate what you're doing. R & B/Southern California

Can you believe it? My sister is a lesbian and insists upon reading your novels before I do. Of course, she isn't the least bit interested in CR, but she really likes the way you portray women—especially lesbians—in your *CR CLASSICS* novels. J.A./New York

The Friar's straight son and daughter-in-law in Dallas are avid readers, as are their best friends, a delightful lesbian couple. We also have quite a few readers who are bisexual men and male/female bisexual and bi-curious couples. Sorry, but there will be no females in my next novel, SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA. PHC

A MID-LIFE CRISIS

I love you guys. It's as simple as that. Due to my mid-life crisis situation, I feel isolated and have low self-esteem. The issues I've got so far are a great help to me, however. The pictures of the men continue to impress me, and more than one letter in FORUM has touched me (J.J.K./Acapulco in #54's FORUM should move—I'm with a depressed senior for 20 years now and it's only getting worse for me by the day), and the features, fiction and ads give me a sense of belonging. Thanks again. Do you need a gerontologist? I could send a résumé. Love, C.B./Michigan

MEMO TO YOUNGER LITERARY TYPES WHO LIKE OLDER MEN: HAVE WE GOT ONE FOR YOU!

I'm almost 65 and figured there wasn't much left for me, but now I'm hoping that some younger stud, any race, will find me interesting. I'm a professional and a serious bodybuilder. I look a lot like KELLY in your last issue, 5'-11", brown hair (balding), blue eyes, moustache, HIV negative, hairy chest and nipples that are wired directly to my swinging uncut cock. I enjoy kissing, cuddling and body contact, and I can give just as much as my partner can take, or vice versa. I'm still trying to get over a long-term affair. He graduated from college and took a job in Oregon. So I'm looking for a long or short-term replacement. If there's a sincere guy out there under 40, healthy, well-built and well-hung, who is headed for Cape Cod this spring, I'd sure like to meet him. In addition, I just finished writing my first gay novel, and I'm searching for an honest agent, editor or publisher who would seriously check it out. Of course, I think it's fantastic. It's great to find a magazine friendly to older guys. I sure liked the looks of CARL LAWRENCE, and I'll be waiting for your next issue. RHODE ISLAND ROOSTER/Providence

COMPASSION IN SAN FRANCISCO

I really enjoy your publication. I do volunteer work (sitting with patients so the regular nurse/helper can have a few hours off) and I have introduced three of the elderly males I sit with to your magazine. All three are widowers, and after their spouses died, they had very little contact with sex. Now they have renewed interest—not necessarily in participation, but reading and seeing the magazines. All three are indigent and thus my copies help. None could afford a subscription, but I hope you'll forgive my sharing with these shut-ins. Again, I have such pleasure from both my own subscription and sharing with them. I send their thanks also. E.T./San Francisco

Forgive him? I would give him a medal if he were here. This world could use a lot more selfless, compassionate men like E.T. We've contacted this wonderful soul and offered the three men gift subscriptions. If any of you know of any shut-in or indigent men who would benefit from CR or CR CLASSICS, please have them write us. PHC

LOVING OLDER TEDDY BEARS

My taste in men has always been for older, hairy, big-n-firm and uncut. A lot of my friends in San Diego used to kid me about having different tastes. Growing up "different" and realizing that there were other gay men out there made me realize that I wasn't alone. However, now I was different again in another way. Then I found *BEAR* Magazine, soon followed by *DADDY*. Both were helpful in relieving certain tensions, but not exactly what I craved. Then a friend told me about your magazine. I rushed down to the local adult book store and had a peek. Unlike the other magazines, I found something dedicated to older gentlemen. Don't get me wrong, Bears can be fun, but I like the older Teddy Bears. Someone that is knowledgeable and stable and knows what they want. There is a certain security in this. Well, now I'm 28, 5'-11" and 200 pounds, thanks to the wonderful cooking of my lover, who is big, firm, hairy and 52. We go to the gym every day and do most everything together. It's like we've been together for years, when it's only been about six months. Well, enough about my life. Again, thank you for being there when I needed reassurance and a hand to hold. M.K./San Francisco.

THE WORST FORM OF SELF-INDULGENCE

Anyone who would knowingly deprive themselves of CR is obviously depraved! In a fit of money-grudging madness, I did not renew again after my last copy arrived. Having no one to blame but myself, I was deprived of the wit, wisdom, fun, wonder, joy, excitement and lovely, luscious treats of CR. Oh, foolish me. I don't think I should put up with this situation any longer, for as a wise man once said, "Self-denial of that which is essential is the worst form of self-indulgence." Could I persuade you to see it as I do: that CHIRON RISING is one of the essentials of the good life? Ergo . . . if you will provide me with the current rates for your delightful publication, I will send by return mail my check for a subscription. G.H./Michigan

MR. BLUE SKY

Once again you have produced a better than ever CR. I would like to comment on some of your FORUM letters. To me, this is a most interesting feature, as it gives some insight into the thoughts of the rest of the family. I was very happy when I read J.C./Florida's letter. He sounds like a first class person, as are so

many CR folk. THE COLONEL lent me a tape of the "Jenny Jones Show" and so I know what John and Charlie mean in their letter. The show was a classic example of quality CR folk; it sure must have helped our image as gay people and shattered a lot of stereotypes. I agree that Paul Cameron did us a favor by showing the world what we have to live with concerning jerks like him. It's too bad that CR didn't get a better plug, but the mere mention of it couldn't hurt. Your reply to M.K./Brooklyn Heights gave me much food for thought. You are right. Our people are not models in the traditional sense. They are part of our family network, sharing something of themselves. I for one am grateful for all of those who choose to model, and I try to get a note off to one or two of each issue to thank them for their effort. It's a major decision to model in any such magazine, and such people should know they are appreciated. I have to agree with O.F./Chicago that CR is in a class by itself and is "a miracle that is way ahead of its time." I believe in miracles. May you soon get that break that leads to an understudy, so you can ease off a bit. I loved KENN RICHIE's opinion page. He is right on the mark. As usual, lots of new models of enough diversity to suit most anyone's likes and some excellent fiction. Well written. I feel your health page is a vital feature that may well save the life of some of our family. You are blessing all of us with the pursuit of your dream to fill the void with the quality of CR. Have a blue sky day. Bob K./Minnesota

A MESSAGE FROM ONE OF OUR MEN IN UNIFORM

This is an urgent plea for help from all of the wonderful people out there who make the CR family so special. Unless you are totally unaware of what's going on in the world, you know that President Clinton is trying to lift the ban on homosexuals in the military. At his press conference, he informed the public that he would lift the ban by executive order in July. As you all know, the religious right will begin to put pressure on their representatives in order to block the executive order, so we need to place more pressure on these same representatives to ensure that the order goes through. We are a formidable economic and political power, and we can show that there is a large part of America that agrees with President Clinton. You're probably wondering what you can do. It can be something as simple as going to a rally or a protest, or writing a letter to your congressman and letting him or her know how you feel about this policy. Assure them that lifting the ban will enable us gays in the military to do our jobs better without the pressure of being hunted down, uncovered and kicked out. I'm sure that many of the men I've seen in this magazine have had some military time under their belts. Remember what it was like and let your representatives know. I was willing to die for my country in the Persian Gulf, but if they knew about my preference for mature males, all the good I've done in my eight years of military service wouldn't mean a damned thing. Those of you who've been there, please help those of us who continue to serve. SARGE

MORE ON THE FLUTIST/FLAUTIST DEBATE

The word is "flautist" (THE FINAL WORD #54). I should know. As a bloody Englishman, my ancestors were using the word hundreds of years ago whilst over here you'd just discovered (by stretching the skin of the rabbit you'd just caught for supper over a bit of hollow wood) the ecstatic sound of bom-de-bom! Door slammed. R.B./Oregon - PS: I still love CR, which, as the inventors, includes you.

Such biting English wit! My ancestors were English, too, but they shied away from too many French words (except to impress someone with words like "savoir-vivre" or "marrons glacés"). They would probably prefer the Latin derivation (flauta) over the French (flute), too, like most WASPS. Since I play the goddamn instrument, which is called a "flute," not a "flaut," I should know. ***Flutist!*** *Door shattered! PHC - P.S. I likewise still love you, who, as a customer, pays the bills.*

OLDER REARS, PLEASE

I used to envy my many friends who prefer the younger models. They had their many magazines and now I have mine. The only complaint that I have is your presentation of younger models. Please keep the magazine a 50+ publication. I would also love to see more rear shots. Yes, nice full, plump, smooth and luscious rears. I recently received the DADDY VIDEO, which is the greatest. I can't get enough of this video. It has great acting. Very sincere, with beautiful bodies. I love them all! Keep up with the great articles, stories, cartoons, drawings and colored photos. Please send me a Daddy just like ZIPPER. J.Z./New York

I think a lot of people don't realize that many older admirers of younger men have switched to CR. Why bother reading magazines that feature airbrushed photos of ageist younger men (many of them straight) when you can get serious about your quest in older-friendly CR? Sorry, but we were never a 50+ publication. All along, we targeted older men and their admirers or any legal age. We're receiving more rear shots and will be presenting them from time to time. PHC

THAT PLUG ON JENNY JONES PAID OFF!

Like so many others before me, I just wanted to write and tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy your magazine. I'll skip the stuff about how I didn't think that such a magazine existed, but upon watching the "Jenny Jones" episode dealing with May/December relationships and learning of CR, I tracked you down and now have three issues (two regulars and one *CR CLASSICS*). I share the opinions of several other writers in that you should show more nude models. And I'd like to see more full-body shots—handsome men such as RAY T., PHILLIP WALD, and JIM & LESLIE deserve to be displayed in their full unbound splendor. Being Gay, Black, and having just turned 20 last week, I know what it feels like to feel ostracized. I'm currently between jobs and searching, but I'll still find ways to get more issues of your magazine (the adult stores that are closest to me keep playing hide and go seek with the magazines). None of the stores around here carry any decent gay videos, though, and given my age (although mentally I am much more mature), I can't order any good ones (still living with my parents, looking for a decent break). But enough about me. I think that magazines such as yours, *BEAR, HUSKY* and *BULK MALE* are terrific. Keep up the good work! T.J./Virginia

Since T.J. said that he lives with his parents, we didn't dare give him a donated subscription. And since he only gave his initials with a return address, we decided not to even write him lest we get him into trouble with his folks. So, T.J., if you're reading this, let us know if you need a little help. PHC

THE GOOD-LOOKING ONES ARE ALL GAY

Wanted to let you know that I am corresponding with a fine gentleman from the U.S. Southwest, whom I contacted through CR. I will be meeting him in the near future while I am on vacation and traveling there. I have a positive feeling I am in touch with a class individual, thanks to your equally classy magazine.

So far, we seem to be on a common path of likes and dislikes, which to me is quite important in attempting a permanent relationship. I enjoyed meeting you gents through your pictures of the Gathering at Russian River (Issue #51). So often I hear women in Western Canada complain, "There's no use looking for a date with a handsome guy. The good-looking ones are all gay." This belief is obviously correct, judging from the pictures of all at the Gathering and the models in every issue of CR. The works by RAM in the latest issues (the white-haired gent in the business suit, especially) are absolutely fantastic. I'm sure that most in real life who resemble him would do what he is up to without hesitation. My dreams confirm that, anyway. Mr. Colley, I loved your Classics issue containing the beautiful love story of Barney Wilkinson *(REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR)*. Most of us can probably relate to at least one circumstance Barney's quest for a permanent partner got him into. I know I can relate to a few. Excellent work, hard to put down until finished, good for many more reads, and patiently waiting for the next one from you. Your novels help fill a wide gap in the retail marketplace for novels specifically themed for the mature gay male. Thank you, gentlemen. B.R./British Columbia

GREETINGS FROM DOOLITTLE IN SWITZERLAND

It seems to me that the writer who criticized the pictures you use missed the point (#53 FORUM, Byron/Athens and C.P./Ft. Lauderdale). I think it is wonderful that you are willing to publish every well-made photo that comes in. Obviously if you follow this policy, some models are going to be more attractive than others. On the other hand, you avoid falling into the trap of only using pictures you personally find attractive. And fortunately, tastes vary. Just look at the letters in a magazine like *PLAYGIRL*: "Why aren't your models younger/older, thinner/fatter, hairy/smooth, cut/uncut," and so forth. So just keep on as you are. Actually, if your correspondent finds 10% of the pictures attractive, what's he complaining about? As for the man who complains about the "inside" tone of the magazine, he's right, of course. But that is exactly what makes CR the unique publication it is, what gives its readers the sense of belonging to a family. After all, there are a lot of isolated, older homosexual men in the world, and it is wonderful that there are people like you who can see beyond the end of their own nose (or some other 4-letter thing) to help others to feel that they're not alone. I enjoyed both of your last novels very much—both excellent and totally different from each other. The space available to you keeps you to a length much longer than a short story but shorter than the usual novel, which is difficult to get published . . . which forces most writers to keep going after they've finished all they have to say (a failing writers share with preachers and politicians). This length seems to suit you very well. I felt the only time it worked to your disadvantage was in MOONFINCH (I found a copy at Max and Milion in Munich), which felt somewhat like the *Reader's Digest* version of a much longer book. But I did feel you tried to cram too much into a too-short format. In closing, I leave you with this: I read something in a gay magazine here and thought I should pass it along for you and your readers. It seems that Frank Ripploh, a German film director who made a successful underground gay film called *"Taxi Zum Klo"* (Taxi to the Toilet) was in New York for an AIDS conference. When he went through security at the airport to return to Germany, the detectors kept registering metal, even after he'd removed his keys, wallet, rings, etc. Finally, with considerable embarrassment, he realized he'd forgotten to take his cock ring off. The security man said, "I hope you had a good time!" DOOLITTLE/Switzerland

And people wonder why I take such pains in my writing (I'm as slow as ketchup). An author cannot fool his audience. I know, because all my errors are lovingly (and sometimes acidly) revealed to me. DOOLITTLE is correct, of course, and is among several fans who pointed out that MOONFINCH should have been twice as long. Since the novel haunts me still, I plan to rewrite it someday if I can get a book publisher to take an interest in it. PHC

A PERFECT ELEVEN

By my reckoning, I have met one solitary "10" amongst those men with whom I have crossed paths. You know the ground rules for this rather transient game, as per the Dudley Moore/Bo Derrick movie: to classify other men in an equivalent hierarchy of maleness, considerations being such attributes as perceived male beauty, desirability as a partner, and so forth. Although *my* "10" never became an important emotional strand within my life, he is still remembered with profound respect and tenderness. I have since thought that, given just a little luck in this chaotic world, I might one day meet, or at least come into contact with, one more "10". And then along came CR Magazine, destroying forever my preconceived ideation of that macho, all-American, male stereotype. I gazed lovingly and longingly at men such as FLORES, SPUD, HAWFINCH and ILLINOIS BILL (not to mention the awesomeness of THOM). But with Zen-like clarity, one model, who really should be classified as a North American National Living Treasure, projected a long-forgotten, yet seemingly familiar face from his page. Being in my sixtieth year, and having known soul-shattering loneliness as well as a lasting love, I no longer search for the face of a god, but I do recognize that other, almost forgotten face. It is the face of human dignity. But would this man answer a letter from a complete stranger living way down here in this Down Under land? Well, he did answer my letter, and the reply is erudite, articulate, full of warmth and compassion and stunningly honest. It is the letter of a rather wonderful human being. This letter, or rather its contents, now form part of an ongoing enrichment program within my life and has, for me, largely restored a long-shattered respect for, and faith in, the American people. It is indeed a monumental outpouring of friendliness and affection. For this I must thank CR Magazine, but I offer a timely warning to my fellow readers: AXOLOTL is definitely NOT a "10". No sir! But he makes an "11" with absolute ease. G.N./AUSTRALIA

A PUBLIC SERVICE PUBLICATION

I'm writing with a couple of kudos and a whine, last first: I wish you'd saved the wonderful ELF drawing on page 24 until when you decide to print my story about the boy in the wheel chair. That would have been really NEAT! Don't you wish now that you'd thought of that? Oh, well. Talk about a public service publication! You've come up with some terrific stuff with your HEALTH articles about auto-CPR and the optic floaters. I've been a cardiac victim since I was 37 and have had several heart attacks. For some time prior to my open-heart surgery, I used to have attacks of angina and fibrillation. I learned somewhere about the effects of coughing and tried it. It really works! I can testify to the effectiveness of the method and really credit it for saving my old hide several times. BRAVO! Hey, you guys, you might be the reason a life out there continues. For people who've never heard of "floaters" and the lightning flashes in the peripheral vision area, their appearance can be really frightening. It happened to me starting in '91. God! I thought I was going blind (I'd rather be dead). Thinking sensibly

for a change, I checked with an ophthalmologist and learned that my eyes were perfectly normal for a man my age. What a relief! This is not to negate the value of your other articles. I thought they were great, too. Not great enough to make me stop smoking my pipe, though. In the article about "free radicals," it should be mentioned that those vitamins are also useful in staving off heart attacks, along with an aspirin a day for every man over 40. Colon cancer danger can be reduced by as little as 30 mg of aspirin per day, so it's a double whammy against those diseases. All in all, CR #54 was an A-1 issue, you gorgeous people. I especially liked the story by KRB and the letter writers who don't like CR, the poor, benighted souls. Let's all pray for their awakening. Hey! I made the puzzle! Hooray! Yours, LORD CLEVELAND

The ELF drawing would have been perfect for LORD CLEVELAND's story. Unfortunately, the drawing was set to publish before the story even got into the works (we have a backlog of fiction). PHC

THE RUMOR MILL

I was very disturbed to hear that the party in Orlando quickly sold out and that a lot of subscribers and models won't be able to go. We were planning to go, but now we've made other plans. A couple from Atlanta.

Gathering 93 is not even close to being "sold out." The more the merrier. At the risk of sounding paranoid, there are those who would love to see this Gathering fail. Friends have told me who these rumor mongers are, and I can assure you that none of them would be caught dead in my company. PHC

A friend near Orlando told me that several men who had not registered with CR made reservations at the Parliament House, making it virtually impossible for the registered fellows to get in. Who are these men and how did they make reservations without a confirmation number? R.A./Miami

We have no idea how many reservations were accepted prematurely. Some of the men were registered with us, but they ignored our instructions to wait for a confirmation number. Others were unregistered and probably wanted to crash the party. We also have no idea why the hotel accepted reservations without a confirmation number (I called to see if they would take a reservation, even after I admitted that I had no intention of registering with CR. ***They did.****). Our ex-coordinator advised that the hotel had assured him all rooms would be blocked off and that no reservations would be accepted without a confirmation number. In light of all the uncertainty and the fact that the hotel isn't big enough to handle our increased size, not to mention the fact that they failed to confirm special room and function pricing in writing, we decided to award the business to one of the finer, larger hotels in Orlando. PHC*

We decided not to attend the Gathering after we heard that it was going to be nothing more than a cheap sex orgy with a couple of sweet rolls and an *al fresco* dinner (whatever the hell *that* is) thrown in. J and S/Jacksonville

Rest assured that it will not be. With hors d'oeuvres like eggs a la Russe, fresh melon wrapped with Prosciutto ham, grilled Andouille sausage tidbits, and Polynesian meatballs, followed by a four-course gourmet dinner, followed by some class speakers and entertainment, followed the next day by an elegant brunch buffet, I would prefer to call it an epicurean bacchanal. Unlike other organizations, we do not arrange group sex parties. This Gathering will be social and culinary in nature and just may turn out to be the largest party of its kind ever thrown. Those of you who had the same impression as J and S/Jacksonville might want to reconsider. PHC

THE POETRY OF D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

ODE TO A CR MAN

The time draws near; the end's at hand;
Are we but two, too long alone?
Too late to search for love again
In the fading twilight of our life?

Ten thousand thousand words sent forth,
Sweet missives of the sleepless night;
Are we but grey beards past our prime
Seeking phantoms in sour wine?

He comes from afar into my life
To woo me with his fervent love;
Be still, be still my bursting heart;
Unknown worlds do I espy.

A gentle smile; the sparkling eyes;
His sweet breath bathes my furrowed brow;
These lips alone, a healing balm
Do sooth my wildly beating heart.

A tender kiss; the knowing touch;
His body pressed closely to mine;
Where now the grim foreboding call
Which echoed loudly in my mind?

With trembling touch and wanton lips,
Adrift on the silken seas;
My path he guides with loving hands
To uncharted heights of ecstasy.

"Drink deeply from the fount," he sighs
And gives his gift of love to me;
The tempest quelled, we drift in peace,
And dream of two who now are one.

To some, the journey is over,
Turned back on their lonesome way;
Reach out! Reach out, we implore you!
The time draws near, the end's at hand.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE, a principal contributor, is an overworked public servant who resides in the Twin Cities. He will be retiring mid-June, 1993, in order to devote more time to his hearth and home. And his writing!

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

BIGGS, YOU'VE BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL AS A PHYS-ED TEACHER, WE'VE DECIDED TO REWARD YOU...
HOT SHIT! MORE MONEY! HERE IT COMES.
DR. FEELY
11-1
...BY GIVING YOU TWO SECTIONS OF SENIOR HEALTH CONCEPTS! YOU'LL USE THIS WITH-IT BOOK, & YOU'LL ADDRESS ALL THE NOW ISSUES KIDS NEED TO LEARN ABOUT, LIKE DIVORCE... ABORTION...
Your RADICAL BODY!
DR. FEELY
...HOMOSEXUALITY, & SO ON. WE KNOW YOU'LL DO A BANG-UP JOB, BIGGS! ANY QUESTIONS?
JEEZ, WHY'D YOU PICK ME?!
WE JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT A TREMENDOUS ASSET WE THINK YOU HAVE...ER, ARE, DELBERT!
I'LL, UH, TRY TO RISE TO THE OCCASION, SIR!
©QUETZAL 1992

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

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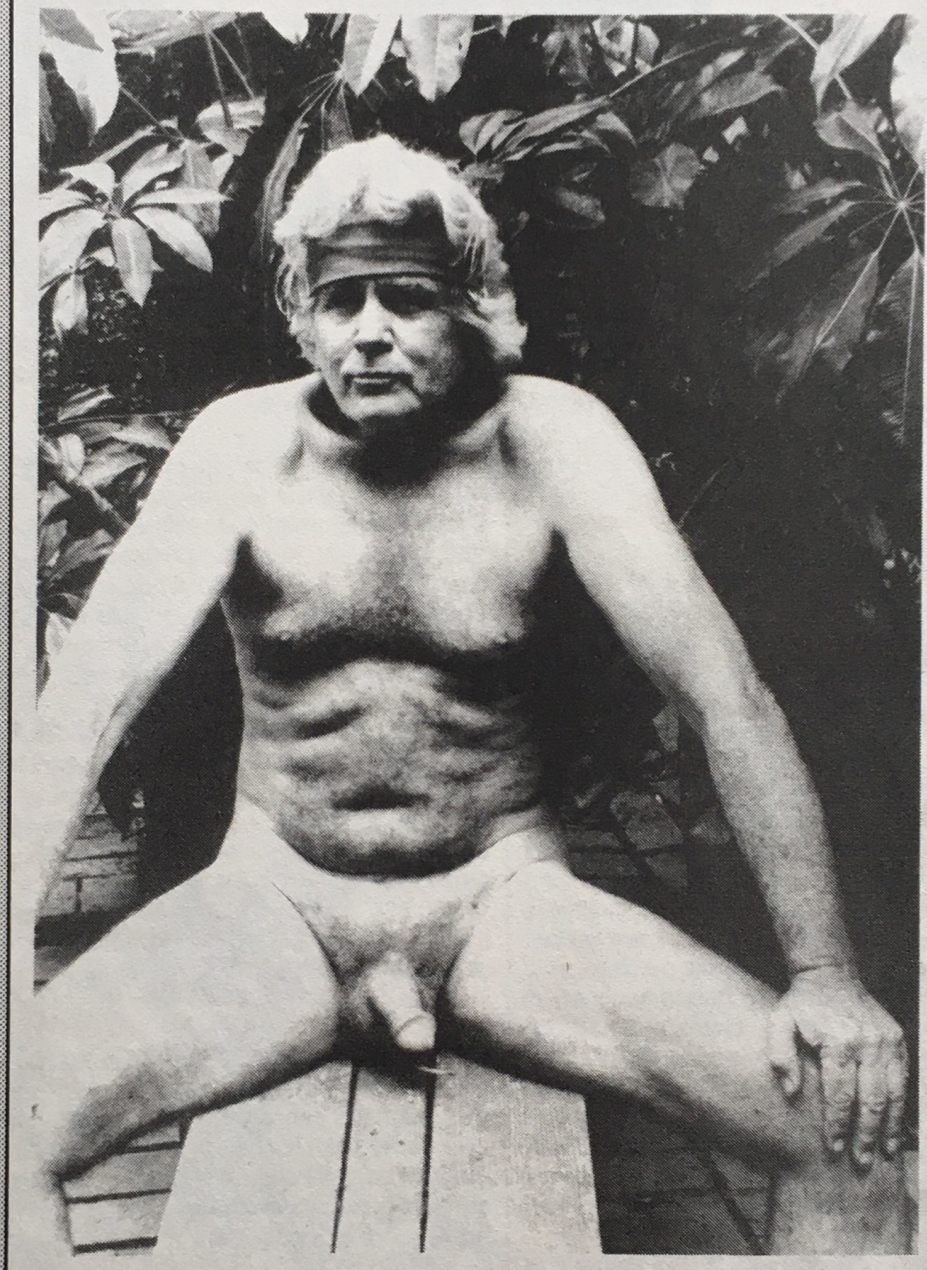

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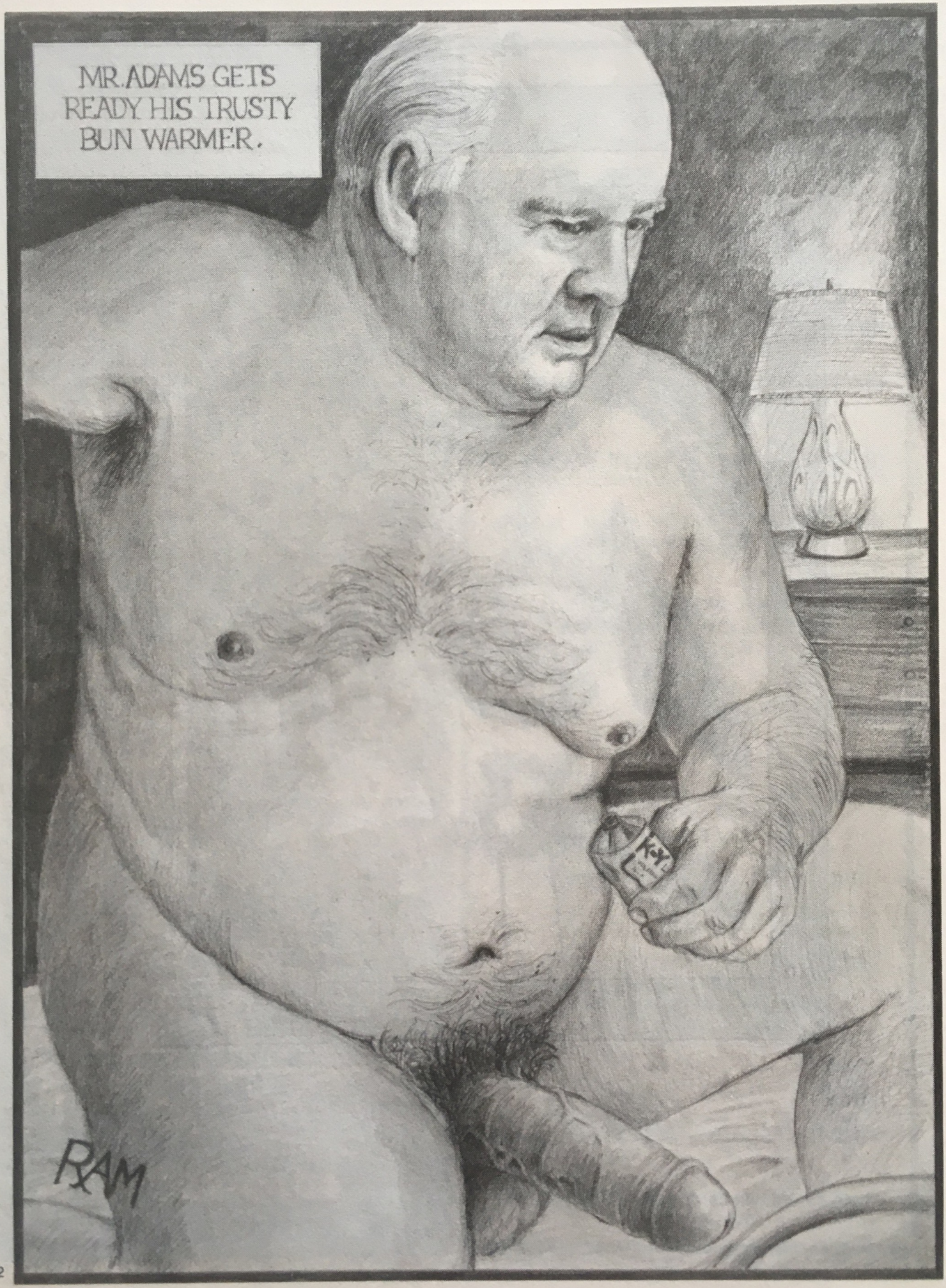
MR. ADAMS GETS READY HIS TRUSTY BUN WARMER.
K-Y
RAM

B R I E F S

CLASSY CR-CLAD CLOTHING

Since we barely have time for this magazine and certainly don't have the resources to accommodate an endless string of requests for a line of CR T-shirts, we were ecstatic to hear that good friends, models DENNY & BIG MAC have launched their own new business which features T-shirts and polo shirts by Oneita and Hanes with the CR logo in various, very classy designs. Sizes range from medium to XXL, and prices range from $11.95 to $18.95. They will soon offer ball caps, bumper stickers and perhaps even removable tattoos, also, so check them out. For a free brochure, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BIG MAC BEACHWEAR, P.O. Box 7086, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

PRIME TIMERS INTERNATION CONVENTION

The second Prime Timers International Convention will be held October 15-17, 1993, in Vancouver, B.C., Canada, at the Chatau Granville Hotel. All gay and bi men who are Prime Timers, affiliated club members, interested in joining chapters, or friends or admirers of older gay men, are invited to attend the convention. For billeting and registration information, contact Roger Drovin, #204 - 1250 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, CANADA, V6H 1M1. Prime Timers is a social, support and educational organization for older gay and bi men internationally. There are now 20 chapters in North America, plus members in several other countries. See their ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS.

BIG & BEAR WEEKEND IN CHICAGO

Big Men of Chicago, Girth & Mirth Chicago and Great Lakes Bears are sponsoring a big bash in Chicago on May 29th through 31st. Activities will include a welcome party at Manhandler Saloon, a cookout in Lincoln Park, a Bear Dance at Deek's Bar and an event called "Rub-A-Dub-Dub Three Clubs in a Tub" at Man's World Baths. The cost is $15.00 per person ($20.00 after April 30th). For more information, contact Big & Bear Weekend, c/o BMOC, P.O. Box 25628, Chicago, IL 60625.

A SMART NAME CHANGE

For all you big men and admirers in North Carolina, the Girth & Mirth affiliate, GREAT TRIAD MEN has changed their name to GIRTH & MIRTH - NORTH CAROLINA. They also changed their newsletter's name to "Carolina Chubby Review" to make the club less regionalized, hopefully encouraging more state-wide participation. Contact them at P.O. Box 38032, Greensboro, NC 27438

SMALL GAZETTE

We have been made aware of a publication which caters to the male who is small in both stature and endowment. Since we're always being asked if such an organization/publication exists, we thought we'd mention it here. Write to: SMALL GAZETTE, P.O. Box 292, Bayside, NY 11361.

TWO DOWN AND ONE UP IN GERMANY

According to the new Girth & Mirth club in Hamburg, both Girth & Mirth Deutschland in Köln and Girth & Mirth of Germany in Berlin have closed. But G & M Hamburg (*Club für Dicke und ihre Freunde*) seems to have gotten off to a good start, attracting new members from all over Germany and even Scandinavia. Their newsletter, although not nearly as hot and sassy as G & M Belgium's, is pretty good, and we just love their logo featuring a running Bigman with a massive erection (see ad in this issue). Best of luck to GIRTH & MIRTH HAMBURG!

NEW DRUG AND ALCOHOL TREATMENT CENTER FOR GAYS, LESBIANS AND BISEXUALS

Paradise Recovery Center, a new facility for the treatment of gay, lesbian and bisexual alcohol and drug abusers, opened in Key West in February. The facility is located at 611 Truman Avenue, the site of the world-famous health spa, the Russell House. The Paradise Recovery Center, with 60 beds, will be the largest center of its kind in this country, followed by Pride Institute in Minnesota. Paradise will offer a greater range of services than all of the other centers. The intensive treatment for alcoholism, drug abuse and co-dependency will include special detox facilities and rehabilitation programs, all offered in a safe, non-clinical resort setting that includes a heated pool, whirlpool and sauna. For more information, contact Joe Witt at (305) 293-9929.

DEBUNKING THE LATINO MYTH

Most minorities get a bum rap in today's society, but in Southern California, Latinos get an especially odious one. We have a lot of subscribers in this area with Hispanic surnames, and we've gotten to know many. Like sexually diverse blacks and Asians, they experience a double whammy when it comes to discrimination. And just as there are stupid misconceptions about blacks and Asians in general, there is this fear shared by whites (and a lot of other non-whites) that Southern California will become so impregnated with Mexican immigrants and other Latinos that it is destined to become an American Third World, a sprawling megalopolis of 20 million, horribly polluted and only slightly more prosperous than Tijuana. Today, nearly 4 million Latinos live in Los Angeles County alone, and counting illegals, they make up almost half the population. Two million more live in the neighboring counties of Orange, San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino. These figures will quickly grow, and by the year 2010, Southern California will have become a Latino subcontinent—demographically, culturally and economically distinct from the rest of America. But will this be bad? According to UCLA's Center for the Study of Latino Health, a sweeping survey of Southern California's Latino population was conducted, and the results are quite interesting. Here are some:

	Latino	White
Population in L.A. County	38%	41%
Traditional households (two parents with children)	43%	16%
Low birthweight babies	5.3%	5.5%
On welfare	6%	12%
Males in labor force	80.6%	76.2%
Life expectancy	79.4	75.1

Could it be that the vision of 21st century Southern California in my novel *Moonfinch* will be much more accurate than that portrayed in the film "Blade Runner"? If that's the case, will this area go the way of uptight, intolerant Latin America and cease to be a gay mecca? Or will it go the way of present day, freedom-loving Spain? If Los Angeles is still here in 2010 and I live to be 70, maybe I'll find out.

H E A L T H

DEPRESSION

For centuries, scientists have sought answers to what causes this serious, sometimes life-threatening illness. As far back as most of us can remember, depression was always considered a "state of mind" triggered by events such as the death of a loved one or rejection. However, current research indicates that this crushing disease is a result of imbalances in brain chemistry. Scientists now believe that a change in the concentration of neurotransmitters, the brain's chemical messengers, is the culprit. People who exhibit a loss of interest or pleasure in practically all their activities for at least two weeks is considered to have a "major depressive disorder," according to American Psychiatric Association guidelines. Other symptoms are changes in appetite, weight and sleep patterns. Depressed people feel fatigue during the day and tend to talk and move slowly. Feelings of worthlessness and guilt are common. Severe hopelessness could be a sign that the person is suicidal (three percent of depressed patients attempt suicide within two years of their diagnosis). Some people experience a single episode of depression while others have recurrent depressions. Some have cycles of depression and elation (formerly known as manic-depressive disorder, but now known as bipolar affective disorder). Diagnosis is sometimes difficult because of a substantial number of other conditions (hormonal imbalances, viral infections, vitamin deficiencies, etc) may mimic depression. The condition of (or therapy used for) patients who are ill with some other disease may sometimes cause symptoms commonly associated with depression. In these cases, treatment of the depression is as important as treatment of the other illnesses if the person is to fully recover. The mourning process after the loss of a mate or loved one may look very much like depression, but grief is typically not as all-consuming. A grieving person will enjoy the visits of friends or will continue his work or hobbies even though he cries daily; suicidal thoughts are very unusual. If thoughts of suicide are present, however, there could have evolved a serious depression. More than 85% of patients improve with antidepressant drug treatment. The chronically depressed and those who have recurrent depression can lead normal lives with the aid of a combination of psychotherapy and medication. Antidepressant medications are effective but vary widely in their side effects and interactions with other medications. Electroconvulsive therapy is also effective, but it is usually not used unless medication has not worked or is unsafe. If you feel you have depression, please see your physician right away. (Source: *Health & Fitness*)

ESSENTIAL TREMOR DISORDER

Do you have slight tremors of the hands or head? Do your friends or family (and sometimes your doctor) say that it's probably just old age or nerves? Worse, have you been misdiagnosed as having Parkinson's disease? An estimated four million people are affected by a something called "essential tremor" or ET. It is the most prevalent movement disorder in the U.S. There is no cure, but it is treatable and it's not life-threatening. Moreover, it will not lead to Parkinson's disease. Affecting the hands, head or voice, ET gets worse gradually and usually occurs during usage of the hands or maintaining a certain position, like extending an arm. Overwork or heightened emotion will aggravate symptoms. Two drugs are used to treat ET: propranolol (Inderal) and/or primidone (Mysoline), both of which improve tremors in 60-70 percent of patients. Some patients' tremors become so faint that they are hardly aware of them. If your doctor claims that your shakes are due to stress or old age, ask if it could be ET. If your doctor is unfamiliar with the disorder, then get another opinion . . . or another doctor. If you have tremors and have already been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, get a second opinion from a specialist affiliated with the International Tremor Foundation. Some of the differences between the two diseases:

1. With Parkinson's disease (PD), hands usually shake while resting in your lap. Not so with ET.
2. PD causes muscle stiffness and slow movement, while ET doesn't.
3. The drug levodopa if effective with PD but not with ET.
4. The drugs Mysoline and Inderal are effective with ET but not with PD.
5. Small quantities of alcohol will help ET patients but not those with PD.
6. Head and voice tremors occur with ET patients, rarely with PD patients.

For more information about ET and referrals to specialists in your area, write: ITF, 360 W. Superior St., Box MM, Chicago, IL 60610. (Source: *Modern Maturity*)

AIDS AS A MANAGEABLE CHRONIC CONDITION?

According to *Nature*, preliminary research may lead to a new way to attack the AIDS virus. By targeting a single phase in the virus' life cycle with three drugs, Yung-Kang Chow and his colleagues at Massachusetts General Hospital found that they could instantly stop the infection in a test tube. Operating alone, each of the three drugs—AZT, ddI and pyridinone—only slows down the virus' ability to reproduce; the microbe eventually mutates, becoming resistant to treatment. Chow's combination, however, appears to overwhelm HIV's ability to mutate. More than a month after the scientists stopped treatment of their laboratory cultures, they could find no virus. This spring, researchers will try out the combination therapy on 200 volunteer patients. As with numerous previous treatments that looked promising in the laboratory but failed miserably in the clinic, Chow's approach could prove to be uneventful. Even if it works, the three-dose treatment cannot kill virus particles that have already found their way into human chromosomes. However, Chow's approach might transform AIDS into a more manageable chronic condition. (Source: *Time*)

PASSIVE BEHAVIOR AS A CAUSE OF CANCER

Although the American Cancer Society is up in arms about it, there is a new theory that people who exhibit repressed, passive behavior are more likely to get cancer and not recover. This theory is being offered by psychologists who are entering a fresh new field of study that links our brains to our immune systems. It's called neuroimmunology. Scientists can't point to evidence in test tubes of electron microscopes, but many experts insist that mental behavior plays a role in determining who gets sick and who gets well. One such expert is Lydia Temoshok, a psychologist who interviewed hundreds of patients with melanoma, the deadliest form of skin cancer. Temoshok has coauthored a new book, *The Type C Connection* (Random

House, $23), which theorizes that passives--or "Type C" people— are more susceptible to diseases like cancer. Type Cs are said to be pleasers and appeasers who are unable to express emotions like anger. Always pleasant, even in the face of a terminal diagnosis, these people "invite" the development of cancer by somehow lowering the body's ability to fight off disease, says Temoshok. The other author, medical writer, Henry Dreher, says the book doesn't excuse unhealthy behavior such as smoking. And it doesn't suggest that patients blame themselves for their cancer, only that they try to mend their psyches and become more assertive as they seek medical treatment. Temoshok says Type Cs are the opposite of hard-driving Type As, who have been shown to be high risks for heart attacks. Relaxed Type Bs have been shown to be a lower risk for heart disease. She says Bs also are less likely to get cancer. (Source: *Knight-Ridder*)

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE CR GATHERING 93 IN ORLANDO HAS MOVED TO A NEW HOST HOTEL

The GATHERING in Orlando will NOT be held at the Parliament House. For those of you who prematurely made reservations there prior to February 15th, we regret to inform you that according to Parliament House's management, your reservations have been arbitrarily cancelled. If you would still like to stay there, we highly recommend that you re-register without mentioning your affiliation with CR. If you would like to stay with us in the host hotel (10 miles from the Parliament House), read the revised GATHERING announcement in the back of this issue. We regret any inconvenience this might have caused you.

IN LOVING MEMORY

BIG D

We regret to announce that our good friend and popular model, BIG D, passed away on December 24th in Sacramento. He suffered a massive heart attack the morning of Christmas Eve in the presence of his new mate of six months, Bill. He was 52. The pairing of these two men made us especially proud, because they met through CR. BIG D was like a kid falling in love for the first time. Impetuous and anxious to be with Bill, he moved to Sacramento so fast it made our heads spin. It was, indeed, true love. His untimely death was tragic enough, but adding to the sadness was the incomprehensible fact that none of his immediate family showed any concern. Their chilling response: do what you want with the body. Eventually Bill found a relative who exhibited human characteristics: an aunt, who claimed her nephew's body, mourned his loss, and had him cremated. BIG D had no history of heart disease that we were aware of. Bill did say, however, that he was lifting heavy bags of cement while building a patio in back and began to have back pains, causing him to stop working for a few days. Bill also said that BIG D had cut back on his cigarette smoking in preparation for quitting. "I have someone to live for now," he said. Our condolences go to Bill in Sacramento and all the other men who loved this very special man. We will always cherish the memory of his friendship.

THE ROGUE

Years ago we had a subscriber by the name of Steve Brown who wrote a letter congratulating us on our pioneering efforts with *SWAN*. If my memory serves me well, he also mentioned that a magazine for daddy and son types published in San Francisco had been sold because the publisher was dying of AIDS. I think he wanted to find out if we'd bought it (actually it was offered to us, but we declined; it was then sold to someone in the Midwest and eventually folded) or if we had any plans to get into the daddy/son scene. It wasn't until I read about him in *BULK MALE* that I knew he was the mysterious, creative force behind *DADDY* Magazine. Unfortunately, Steve (aka THE ROGUE) passed away on November 23, 1992, of complications due to AIDS. I didn't know Steve, but I admired him a great deal. No, I was awed by him, actually. Here was a guy doing what I was doing: working endless hours behind a computer monitor; constantly searching for those special photos, drawings and works of fiction that bring magic to an issue; struggling with production and distribution problems. The difference was that he was doing it—and doing it well—while also struggling with AIDS. His courage, talent and determination were phenomenal, and he will be sorely missed by his many thousands of loyal readers. We wish him peace, and we wish *DADDY* magazine a successor to fill such a big pair of shoes.

MUSIC WITH FINNEY EDWARDS

ENO: OLD ROOTS FOR THE NEW AGE

"New age" is a relatively modern term that has—for better or worse—been applied to and accepted as the definition-of-choice for a genre of music that has been around for quite some time. Only recently has it achieved mass popularity.

Long before such artists as Kitaro, Andreas Vollenweider and many of the artists gracing Windham Hill Records' catalog hit it big, a group of artists were laying essential ground work, opening doors for new types of music.

Composers and performers like Terry Riley, Philip Glass and Steve Reich of the minimalist school of composition, or early synthesist pioneers such as Edgar Varese and to a certain extend Walter (now Wendy) Carlos ("Switched On Bach"), all contributed to this formative base of alternative music. Others include the likes of Edgar Froese's Tangerine Dream and Robert Wyatt's Soft Machine.

In the early seventies, two creative forces from the British "art rock" world collaborated on a seminal work that is a fascinating ancestor to what we now call "new age" music in the 80s and 90s. "No Pussyfooting" by Robert Fripp and Brian Eno took the term "space music" to new levels in 1973 with its haunting mix of electronic sounds.

Both had the credentials to pull it off—Fripp as the leader, cofounder and guitar wizard behind the acclaimed jazz-rock-avante-garde-electronic noise group King Crimson, and Eno as the wild, drag-attired keyboard/synthesist for rock group Roxy Music.

"No Pussyfooting" marked their first collaborative experiments with tape loops, creating a wash of sound that is simultaneously mesmerizing and disturbing, hypnotic and disruptive, harsh and beautiful.

Fripp stretched the sound of his distorted guitar to the point where he could accurately control the melody, harmony and feel of his playing. He laid these sounds—arpeggios in improvised outburst processed through layers of tape loops—over Eno's droning and subtly changing keyboard washes. The result was other-worldly and intoxicating.

Fripp continued moving down various avenues of his music, through different incarnations of King Crimson (great, if you like loud music), and ultimately pursuing several albums of pure "Frippertronics" (his guitar tape loop concept perfected—eerie and addictive) and most recently worked in acoustic music with the Guitar Craft Study Center in West Virginia ("The League of Crafty Guitarists" record have some terrific sounds on them—18 acoustic guitarists playing Fripp style, live and in synch!).

Eno, after several rock-oriented albums which are now "underground" classics, soon split his career entirely between the production of other groups, film and video productions as well as the creation of what he called "ambient music."

According to Eno, the idea for this type of music came about quite accidentally. In the liner notes to one of his first entirely ambient recordings, "Discreet Music," Eno reported: "In January of this year (1975) I had an accident. I was confined to a bed, stiff and static. My friend, Judy Nylon, visited me and brought me a record of 18th century harp music. After she had gone, and with some considerable difficulty, I put on the record. Having laid down, I realized that the amplifier was set at an extremely low level and that one channel of the stereo had failed completely. Since I hadn't the energy to get up and improve matters, the record played almost inaudibly. This presented what was for me a new way of hearing music—as a part of the ambience of the environment just as the colour of the light and the sound of the rain were part of the ambience. It is for this reason that I suggest listening at comparatively low levels even to the extent that it frequently falls below the threshold of audibility."

The record features the trance-inducing title track plus a series of variations on the "Canon in D Major" by Johann Pachabel (which actually work to some extent, performed by a string section as opposed to synthesized electronic instruments). Eno then collaborated again with Fripp on the beautiful "Evening Star" LP—actually, side one is gorgeous with the almost folksy "Wind on Water" segueing into the title track. Side two is more of a challenge to deal with, however, with its harsher electronic sounds in contrast, a throwback to the "No Pussyfooting" area.

On "Another Green World," which stands as one of his finest records overall, Eno achieved a moody mix of Afro-inspired world beat/ambient instrumentals and oddball vocal pop ditties. Eno was then drawn to Germany where he tapped into the experimental energy of groups like Kraftwerk. He teamed up with synthesizer trio "Cluster" for several records, the result bearing some beautiful tracks such as "Johanneslust." Also at this time, Eno performed on three of David Bowie's most highly regarded recordings, all of which embody his ambient ethic to some extent.

Eno issued an LP entirely of movie soundtrack music, "Music for Films," which led to the start of his formal "Ambient Series" of recordings. His first technical success was "Music for Airports," which was exactly that—complete with a formal debut of New York's Kennedy Airport. Be advised: do not buy this record expecting a soothing listen. This is music *designed* for nothing more than low level background sounds, tones fading together that when closely listened to is extremely frustrating. Use this record as intended or you will be disappointed with it as I initially was.

The second "Ambient Series" record is a more satisfying listening experience, a collaboration with composer Harold Budd. "The Plateaux of Mirror" and its 1984 follow-up, "The Pearl," are both fine—if somewhat somber, as many introspective "new age" records tend to me—records of soft and soothing ambient sounds, "treated" piano and keyboards and softly pulsing rhythms.

Eno's 1983 collaboration with his brother Roger and Daniel Lanois, soundtrack music to a film about the Apollo missions, is also a satisfying outing. This music catapults you into orbit, with a pleasant mix of outer space sounds and more earth-bound guitars and reverb-laden pedal steel slide playing.

Eno has recently issued new rock/pop recordings for his fans of that genre who'd felt all but abandoned for nearly 15 years. He is also currently known as the producer who put Ireland's pop sensations, U2, on the map, adding focus and direction to their sound.

In conclusion, next time you listen to a "new age" record, realize that nothing is really "new." This genre has its roots in music that is actually a throwback to certain styles from the classical music world. But by tracing some of these recent forefathers, you can gain a better sense of what is actually progressing the form and what is simply redundant.

Of course, always trust your ear. Because if you like it and it brings you enjoyment and says something to you, that is the

ultimate goat of music: communication.

Note: Most of Eno's recordings are currently in print and widely available on EG Records, distributed by Caroline Records out of New York. They are carried in major locations such as Tower and are commonly found in smaller "independent" record shops. Ask at your local store. CDs tend to sell for about $14 at Tower, while cassettes are available for under $10 each. Here are a handful worth checking out:

"Evening Star" (with Robert Fripp); "Discreet Music"; "Music for Films"; "Ambient #2: The Plateaux of Mirror" (with Harold Budd); "The Pearl" (with Harold Budd); "Apollo: Atmospheres and Soundtracks" (with Daniel Lanois, Roger Eno); "Cluster and Eno" (available on import, Sky Records 010); "Eno Mobius Rodelius Plank: Begegnungen" (available on import in two volumes, Sky Records, CD 3090 & 3095; highlights also available on one CD).

Related: "Robert Fripp and The League of Crafty Guitarists: Live!"; "Let the Power Fall: An Album of Frippertronics".

FINNEY EDWARDS is a Northern California-based music critic/reviewer under another name. For us he names himself in honor of three of his favorites (actors and otherwise): Albert Finney, Edward Woodward and Ed Asner. FINNEY also writes pop songs and "relaxes" by escaping the real world in his home recording studio.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN J. McNEILL

BY PAT COLLEY

When Bruce (THE FRIAR) and I first met John McNeill and Charlie Chiarelli back in 1989, it was love at first sight. They'd been subscribers since 1987 under Charlie's name, but we had no way of knowing that we had a celebrity of John's stature in our ranks. We found out when a mutual friend in San Francisco, model ERNIE, told us. To be perfectly honest, we weren't at all familiar with John. Knowing only that he had published two books and suffered the wrath of the Catholic Church, we asked him to write an article for us. He graciously did so and later visited us when he flew west for a conference. Since Bruce and I are not that high on organized religion and had no idea what the man stood for, there was no predisposition to hold him in awe. Consequently, we met the handsome, down-to-earth, fun guy, not the theologian/psychotherapist/distinguished scholar. Eventually Charlie joined him on another visit, and we decided that both of them were pretty neat.

Over the years, Bruce and I have experienced John's exalted, spine-tingling oratorio and have become well aware of his immense following. We've seen him on "Donahue" and "Larry King" and the "Today Show." We've seen his photos on the front pages of major newspapers and read countless interviews with and articles about him. This is the John McNeill the world knows.

But what of the man who took us into deep woods in search of wild apples one crisp autumn day in '91? What about the gentle soul who adores animals and can't plant enough flowers, who reveals no evidence of succumbing to all the unjust punishment he's endured. What about this man who has no capacity for hatred?

We thought you might like to know about that side of this very special human being.

Colley: Why don't we start with your military experiences during World War Two? I know you touched on this in your book review we published in the October 90 issue [*Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War Two*], but maybe you can sort of touch on it again for our newer readers and expand on it.

McNeill: Well, I enlisted in the army when I was 17 years old. I enlisted into what was known as the Army Specialized Training Program, with the promise that I would be sent on to college to be trained as an engineer, then be brought into the army on an officer level. But the whole program turned out to be a hoax. We seventeen-year-olds were sent to Cornell University for about two weeks. Then we were told that they had just changed their minds and instead decided to send us to infantry basic training first. There were possibly several thousand of us, and we were shipped down to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and trained as infantrymen. Then, right at the end of our training, we were told that Congress had cancelled the program, and we were going to be shipped directly overseas. It seemed that all the time Congress just wanted to get their hands on seventeen-year-olds, but they didn't dare try to lower the draft age. So this program was set up as a hoax in order for them to get some fresh cannon fodder. Anyhow, I was put in the 87th infantry division, and we went directly overseas to replace a division on the front lines in Europe. We were part of Patton's Third Army, and here we had a whole division where the average age was eighteen. We were sent immediately into combat right on the border of Germany and were one of the first outfits to penetrate into Germany from the Alsace-Lorraine. After a few days of combat, we were rather deep inside Germany and my whole outfit got cut off by German tanks. Most of my friends were killed. I had gone into combat carrying a bandolier of mortar shells on my back, and at the end of that day of combat, I was pinned down in a machine gun nest we had captured earlier in the day. Eventually, we had to stand up and wave a white flag. I'll never forget that moment. There was a German soldier just a few feet away with a grenade ready to throw it into the hole . . . . I think I escaped death just by seconds at that point. We were brought back to prison camp and spent the next few days sealed into freight cars and given nothing to eat or drink. I think when I was captured I weighed about 145 pounds, but I ended up weighing about 80 . . . . I was just skeletal.

Colley: But before that, didn't you get into some trouble back stateside?

McNeill: It was because of my religious convictions. I got into trouble during basic training because I objected to the training program ordering me to "hate the enemy." I objected to that on the basis that as a Christian, I couldn't hate anybody. I would do my duty as a good American soldier, but I couldn't do it out of hate. As a result, I went into combat as a private; everybody else in the outfit received their PFC rating, but I didn't. So I had no military rank when I was put into prison camp. And according to the Geneva Convention, if you had no rating at all, the enemy could use you as a worker. So I was sent into Berlin to help dig out bodies after the bombing raids and bring them out to lime pits outside the city. They used to leave us to sleep on the surface of the ground during the bombing raids, so I lived with a lot of terror and anxiety over long periods of time.

Colley: I remember you telling Bruce about the sidecar . . .

McNeill: Oh, yeah, the sidecar. This really sadistic German sergeant had a motorcycle with a sidecar, and he would . . . It must have been his favorite pastime, because it happened several times. When we were coming back from work, he had us prisoners lined up carefully side by side. He said he had a soldier with a machine gun at one end of the line with orders to shoot any one of us who fell out of line. Then he circled us on his motorcycle, and coming at us at high speed, he tilted his vehicle at the last second so that the wheel of the sidecar was passing within inches right in front of our faces. He came right down the line that way threatening us, terrifying us, so that we would react in fear, step back and fall out of line to be shot.

Colley: Was anyone shot? Was anyone injured by the wheel?

McNeill: Miraculously, no. It happened so many times, but no one got hurt. It was amazing, and we all just stood there, petrified.

Colley: How sadistic.

McNeill: He was sadistic toward his own men, too. Once, he caught a German soldier stealing gasoline from his motorcycle, and he beat the man with a metal-studded glove. It was unmerciful. The poor soldier's face was beaten to a bloody pulp.

Colley: I think the most horrible part of Bruce's experience was the starvation. You experienced that, too.

McNeill: We spent a lot of time, sometimes a week, sometimes ten days or more, sealed into railroad cars with no food, and of course, there was no heat, it was mid-winter. And especially, no water. The worst thing was the thirst. But our breath would freeze on the bolt and nail heads inside the car. I spent a lot of time licking the condensation off them to try to get some moisture back into my body.

Colley: What were some of your most frightening experiences besides the ones with the sidecar? Didn't an SS officer . . . ?

McNeill: We were being marched from Berlin, west toward Hamburg, right ahead of the Russian army, and some German general had made us hostages . . . . If he was captured or killed, we were all to be executed by our guards. As we were marching along the road, a motorcycle pulled up, and this SS colonel got out with a machine gun. He had the prisoners lined up. He went along the line and picked out ten or twelve prisoners who he thought looked Jewish and then machine-gunned them down at the side of the road. They didn't have to be Jewish, just as long as they looked Jewish. We were then made to continue marching down the road leaving them there. On another occasion, down the same road on our march as hostages, Russian aircraft began to strafe us. I dived off the side of the road and crawled head first into a narrow culvert. After the strafing was over and the guards began to regroup the prisoners, I found I was stuck in the culvert and couldn't get out. There again, I really knew moments of terror. I thought I was going to die stuck in that pipe, but luckily somebody heard my shouts and came and pulled me out by the legs.

Colley: Wasn't there something that happened to you that caused you to enter the priesthood. Of course, any of your experiences could alter someone forever, but wasn't there some bit of kindness that . . .

McNeill: We American prisoners were being deliberately starved. At one point, when I was sent out on a work detail to a mink farm run by the SS, I weighed only about eighty pounds. A slave laborer from Eastern Europe saved my life at the risk of his own life. Seeing that I was starving and taking pity on my condition, he took a potato from a mash he was cooking for the animals and threw it to me. If the guards had seen him, they would have shot him on the spot. I gestured a thanks, and he responded by making the sign of the cross. He demonstrated that his religious faith meant so much to him by having the courage to risk his life to feed me, a total stranger. I really envied that courage. I was always so afraid . . . I felt like such a coward all the time. I think my vocation to the religious life came from that moment as a prisoner of war. It was during that period when I decided to give my life over to healing service to other human beings as a priest—if I survived the war. I entered into the Jesuit order shortly after World War Two. I attribute that choice to this experience, the courage and faith of a stranger.

Colley: Bruce was liberated by Patton. How were you liberated?

McNeill: We were finally liberated on May second. I remember that date because I had a special personal devotion to the Blessed Mother and I was praying to her in a very special way. And sure enough, a column of American troops, broke through into the area where we were being held hostages by the German general, and liberated us.

Colley: I imagine it was a pretty joyous occasion.

McNeill: Yes, but we were all in very bad shape. I was in pretty bad health. I couldn't eat solid food. Because of the starvation, my stomach had closed and I had beriberi, malnutrition and a number of other diseases. I spent nearly two years in a hotel in Atlantic City which had been converted into a medical and rehabilitation hospital, getting back into relatively good health before I was discharged from the army.

Colley: Then what did you do?

McNeill: I went home to Buffalo and enrolled into Canissius College, and as soon as I graduated, about a year and a half later, I entered the Society of Jesus. I was a Jesuit for almost forty years.

Colley: How did you reconcile your priesthood with your own homosexuality? Or *were* you homosexual then?

McNeill: For the first eighteen years as a Jesuit, I was celibate. I lived up to the vows I'd taken, but I was intensely aware of the fact, even from my army days, that I was a gay man and that my sexual feelings went out to other men. But at the end of those eighteen celibate years, I went back to Europe to do doctorate studies in philosophy at Louvain University in Belgium. During my first summer there, I found myself compulsively acting out my sexual needs and feeling very guilty and depressed about it. I was feeling so guilty and so upset, that I actually came close to committing suicide and gave it some very serious thought at the time. But God was good to me and fortunately, toward the end of that summer, I was in the papal gardens in Avignon, I met a man, an older man named Tony, who befriended me. We became close friends for the next three years, and we had an intimate, affectionate and very loving relationship with each other. As a result of that, I began the journey toward fully accepting my sexuality and gayness as something good and not evil. Out of my own experience, I realized that God was not condemning me for being gay but, on the contrary, that in the relationship, in the deep, affectionate and loving relationship with my friend, I was actually coming closer to God. And so it was paradoxical that I went to Europe with the idea of growing spiritually and confirming myself in my celibate lifestyle and instead came back fully aware that what God wanted for me was that I should enter into a loving gay relationship. It was only within the context of a relationship that I found I could be happy and fulfilled and receive God's blessing.

Once that conflict was resolved, I found I was able to continue my studies and vocation in a much more productive and positive way; I graduated from Louvain with my Ph.D. and *Plus Grande Distinction*, the highest academic honors they award. I've earned a total of five other graduate degrees as well.

Colley: Then you don't think celibacy is a viable lifestyle?

McNeill: No, I wouldn't go that far. As a religious grace, there can be a healthy and positive celibacy. But, from my experience, I certainly don't think God gives that gift of grace to everyone who is in the clergy, and especially and emphatically, I don't see celibacy for all gay men as the church demands. As a matter of fact, I consider anyone who teaches the traditional Catholic moral position that homosexual persons must live a celibate life to be homophobic. It's based on the ideology that all homosexual actions are evil. God created us sexual beings and meant for us to experience the fullness of sexual love as the normal way of arriving at an understanding of the God of love. I have observed in my many years of being a priest and a psychotherapist that there certainly is pathological celibacy. But more often than not, the priest who is doing marvelous work and is a warm, outgoing pastoral clergyman, is probably in an intimate sexual relationship.

Colley: Most of your sexual growth and maturity seemed to happen in France. So how did Charlie come into the picture?

McNeill: Actually, what happened there was just the beginning; my "puberty" continued after I came back from Europe. I was stationed in Syracuse at the time, and I started going to New York City to the gay bars, looking for someone with whom I could have a meaningful relationship. But all my trips to New York ended in disaster. I evidently couldn't judge the character of the men I brought back to my hotel room because I got mugged and robbed on two or three separate occasions. So finally, I got the message and thought maybe I should go to Toronto instead, I might make out better there, I figured. I went to Toronto on New Year's weekend, sixty-five/sixty-six, and I ended up at the St. Charles Bar the night before New Year's Eve . . . and sure enough that's where I met Charles. He never let's me forget it—the "saint" part. I was at the bar with somebody else who luckily happened to be a friend of Charlie's. He introduced us, and Charlie tells me that immediately he was very deeply attracted to me and finagled a way of getting me home with him that night.

Colley: That little sneak.

McNeill: We hit it off right away. Since we were feeling such a strong attraction to each other and I realized that I had met a wonderful person, I was very fearful to tell him that I was a priest. I didn't tell him right away; it wasn't until New Year's Day when we had to separate because Charlie had to spend the day with his family in Hamilton, that I told him who I was. It didn't seem to bother him at all. After that, for the next six months, there was a series of trips up to Toronto when I had a free weekend, or Charlie flew or drove down to Syracuse. During that time, Charlie was sent to St. Louis on an assignment for a few weeks. When he mentioned to me on the phone that he was cruising around and discovering a lot of interesting bars, I flew there immediately to establish my "claim". That weekend really bonded us to each other and our relationship became a commitment. Shortly after he returned to Toronto, he found a job in Syracuse and moved there to start our life together; that was 27 years ago, and we've been together ever since then. This relationship with Charlie has been the happiest and most wonderful gift that God has ever given me. I'll never forget one event that happened early in our relationship! For the first few weeks after Charlie moved to Syracuse, he stayed in a motel until he could find an apartment. During one of the first weekends we spent together after he moved into an apartment, he was cooking up breakfast and I was sitting at the table. At one point, he quietly came up behind me and suddenly started pouring wheat germ over my head and all over me from a jar he was holding in his hands. There I was, sitting there with wheat germ granules in my hair, down my collar, on my chest and lap. I thought, *Oh, oh, this was too good to be true! This guy must be a kook! What did I get involved with?* So I looked up at him and asked, "What the hell is this all about!? What are you doing?" "Well, I had to do it," he answered. "What do you mean you had to do it? Why?" "Well, it says right here on the jar, `Pour this over your favorite *fruit!*'" It was then that I knew for sure this relationship was going to last.

Colley: You should have forced him to lick it all off. Seriously, there must have been some difficult times you both had to get through. It's not easy being a priest's lover.

McNeill: No, it isn't. Most gay men trying to establish a life together are familiar with what we went through, especially twenty or thirty years ago when homosexuality was never discussed in polite company, and gay civil rights weren't even conceived. But because I was a Jesuit priest and the nature of Charlie's work as an engineer, we had to be even more than usually discreet early in our relationship. As I become more well known as an expert on the issue of homosexuality, there was an added pressure on us for the need to keep our relationship secret, because if the fact that we were lovers became known, my credibility would have been questioned—my critics would say that my work exposing traditional religious homophobia and disputing biblical mistranslations was self-serving and therefore not valid. Later on, when I was making more and more media and other public appearances, Charlie had to remain in the background, either invisibly or just as an "acquaintance", which was a real strain on him. It was also during the early stages of our life together that I was cofounder of Dignity/New York, a support group for homosexual Catholics. I put in so much time and effort over many months getting Dignity/New York and subsequent chapters going, that it strained our relationship almost to the breaking point. But, thank God, we were able to resolve that. Because so many gay Catholics were hungry for this type of group support, Dignity chapters began springing up all over the U.S. Of course, as Dignity became more well known and its membership larger, I got into more and more hot water with the hierarchy. Charlie and I had to be even more closeted.

Colley: Was all this happening in Syracuse? Were you a psychotherapist then?

McNeill: No, I was teaching philosophy and ethics at LeMoyne College in Syracuse. Because of the deep love that was continuing to grow between Charlie and me, I felt early in our life together from the time he moved to Syracuse in sixty-six that it was time that the bigotry and misinformation about homosexuality should be dealt with. I naively expected that this would come about from younger theological specialists. I waited awhile but nothing on the

subject was forthcoming. So for the next few years, I researched homosexuality from all possible disciplines: psychology, sociology, theology, etc. Then I published several articles for priests and clergy on the subject of pastoral counseling for homosexuals. They were enthusiastically received by those who sincerely wanted to help gays coming to them for guidance. But the articles also came to the attention of the reactionaries. By the time I was involved in cofounding the Dignity chapter, we were both living in the New York City area. Because there had been a severe economic downturn in the electronics industry and manufacturing in general toward the end of the sixties, Charlie went through a painful series of layoffs. Then luckily, early in '70, he found a job in New Jersey and got an apartment in Newark. I finished out the semester in Syracuse a few months later and was able to join the Woodstock Jesuit Community in New York City to teach at the Jesuit Seminary, and of course, to join Charlie. By seventy-two, I had developed and expanded those original articles into the manuscript for *The Church and the Homosexual* and was looking for a publisher. Then in 1973, I gave the keynote address and presented a summary of the theses of the manuscript at the first national Dignity Convention. That address was later published in the *National Catholic Reporter*. It received an incredible response from priests all over the country who were trying to counsel homosexuals and were seeking advice. It also got a response from the hierarchy: I was forbidden to publish until my manuscript could be investigated. At the same time, Woodstock was disbanded because, as we learned later, the hierarchy considered it too liberal and discontinued their support. After all, the community had liberals such as Daniel Berrigan, John McNeill and some others there and we couldn't have them influencing our young seminarians. That was when I found out that I had been blacklisted at all the Catholic colleges and universities because of the publicity of my positive writings and addresses on homosexuality. I wasn't able to get another teaching job anywhere in the area. I had no choice but to retrain. I had heard about a school in New York City through a fellow Jesuit who was training there, called The Institutes of Religion and Health. It's purpose is to train clergy to be psychotherapists. It was founded by Norman Vincent Peale. Charlie enthusiastically encouraged me to enroll. At that time, its staff was pretty conservative, and they had some difficulty accepting an openly gay priest. But I did very well there and managed to generate a new understanding of homosexuality. As a matter of fact, after I graduated, I became an instructor there for many years, and now they deal with homosexuality from a positive perspective.

Colley: I know it was painful being thrown out of the Jesuits after almost forty years of service. But what took that dismissal so long to happen? You'd already been a gay activist for many years, advocating gay civil rights, appearing on television—Donahue four times, or maybe five. Getting in all the papers. You told the whole world that the churches were wrong and that homosexuality is normal and good, not evil.

McNeill: Well, the history of the conflicts and confrontations that I had with the Vatican hierarchy and my Jesuit superiors is described in the appendix of the latest edition of my book, *The Church and the Homosexual*. And it's a long complex story, so it isn't practical to go over it now. But to answer your question, I was dismissed as a result of several events coming together. I just want to say first, that I wasn't dismissed from the Jesuit Order because I am gay. They were aware of that for years, especially after I "came out" to Tom Brokaw and several million viewers on the "Today Show" late in seventy-six when the book was released and received a lot of publicity. The media publicity, including appearing on "Donahue" and many other TV and radio talk shows—it was so great that it caused the hierarchy to panic and silence me toward the end of seventy-seven. During the time I was silenced, nine years altogether, I had understood that I could continue my ministry and therapy practice and continue as well to lecture and run workshops with private gay and lesbian groups. However, over those years the restrictions kept getting tighter and tighter, until finally, under pressure from conservative Catholics and American bishops, I received an order from Cardinal Ratzinger, head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, that I had to give up all ministry to gay persons, including therapy. Shortly after, Ratzinger—an appropriate name—issued what I call the Halloween letter because it was made public on October thirty-first in eighty-six. It was a mean-spirited, homophobic letter to the American Bishops concerning dealing with homosexual persons. It called homosexuality "an objective disorder with an intrinsic orientation to evil", and that the victims of "gay-bashing" brought the violence onto themselves because they were seeking "unthinkable civil rights". There was NO way in conscience that I could obey the order to give up all ministry and therapy to gay persons or that I could continue to be publicly silent after the release of that absurd, unchristian, hateful Ratzinger letter. I went public and vehemently protested and criticized the letter and the hierarchy's homophobia. So in January of eighty-seven, I was dismissed from the Jesuits under orders from Rome, for "public dissent from the Church's teaching on homosexuality."

Colley: How did you deal with being thrown out of the Order you'd belonged to for so long? What did all this mean to you?

McNeill: Well, it certainly was a trauma for me; the Jesuits had been my spiritual family for so long. And I think you've heard me say, "You can take McNeill out of the Jesuits, but you can't take the Jesuit out of McNeill!" But surprisingly--at least, it surprised me—it was also a great relief! After so many years of looking over my shoulder, being so careful what I said and how I said it, trying to continue my workshops, retreats and therapy with all the restrictions and surveillance by conservatives reporting me to Rome, I was suddenly free to say what I had to say and challenge openly all the homophobic dogma of the Church and other religions. And through it all, Charlie was completely supportive of my work and decisions, and of course, he was always there for me during all the rough times, especially when I had my most painful confrontations with the hierarchy. But thank God, now that it's all over, we can be open about being lovers and life mates. All those difficult times deepened our love and respect for each other all the more. Another major benefit was that I was free to publish again without requiring the hierarchy's approval. I took all the materials from the workshops, lectures and retreats I had conducted during those nine years, and published the next book *Taking a Chance on God*, which is a more personal book dealing with all the issues of guilt, shame, anger, fear, trust, etc. Now I'm working on my next book which I plan to call *Freedom, Glorious Freedom*. That's an appropriate title, don't you think?

Colley: It *is* appropriate. But do you think the Vatican's position will ever soften if there's a change in the hierarchy? Do you think the ultra-conservatism will be replaced by more liberal leaders some day?

McNeill: I'm glad you asked that. The publishers of my book *The Church and the Homosexual* are going to release a fourth edition in September of this year. They asked me to write a new preface for it, and I wrote some very strong statements about the hierarchy. I'm indignant and I feel a lover's anger with the Church. I stated emphatically we can no longer give the Vatican the benefit of the doubt. Its ignorance of homosexuality now can only be considered malicious and deliberate. I denounce the Vatican for its sinful resistance to new psychological and theological insights into homosexuality. Every time any positive move has been made toward a better understanding and spiritual care of gay people, the Vatican has intervened with the demand that the Catholic church in the U.S. maintain a homophobic stance on all gay issues. I stated that in the name of all Catholic gays and all gays everywhere, I want to cry out to the Vatican [*he reads*]: "You must repent and apologize for the centuries of support you have given to homophobia. Enough! Enough of your distortions of Scripture over the centuries to make homosexuals the scapegoats of every disaster! You continue to claim that a loving homosexual act is condemned in Scripture, when competent scholars are nearly unanimous in admitting that nowhere in Scripture is there a clear condemnation of a sexual act between two gay men or two lesbians who love each other. Enough of your effort to reduce all homosexual acts as expressions of lust, and your refusal to see them as expressions of deep, genuine human love! Enough of your effort to lead young gays to internalize self-hatred with the result that they are able to relate to God only as a god of fear and hate, and lose all hope in a God of love! Enough of your recent efforts to foster hatred and discrimination against us in the human community! Perhaps your ignorance about us who are your gay brothers and sisters was excusable ignorance in the past, but that is no longer the case. It is an ignorance for which there is no excuse, a malicious ignorance! You have done your best to deny us the right to the fullness of human life and sexual love. You have fostered discrimination against us and you have even implicitly approved violence and gay-bashing." [he stops reading] There's no question in my mind that the Vatican's stance and opposition is objectively sinful! And I don't even feel that a change of leadership under the traditional structure of the hierarchy will necessarily result in any change toward homosexuality. There's enough dissatisfaction currently among the bishops around the world with this centralized dictatorship, that I think a more democratic structure would evolve if a Vatican III Council were to be called. Then I think there could be some real advancements in the Church toward homosexuality in particular and sexuality in general.

Colley: Have you ever thought of branching out into secular speaking engagements on the psychology of sexuality? It seems that with the success you've had helping gays and lesbians come to terms with their sexuality, you would be a natural helping adults of all persuasions.

McNeill: Well, frankly Pat, it's a matter of time and energy. I feel I'd be over-extending myself. There's still so very much to do to help heal the wounds inflicted on so many of us by our homophobic families, religions and cultures that I think it's important for me to continue what I'm doing.

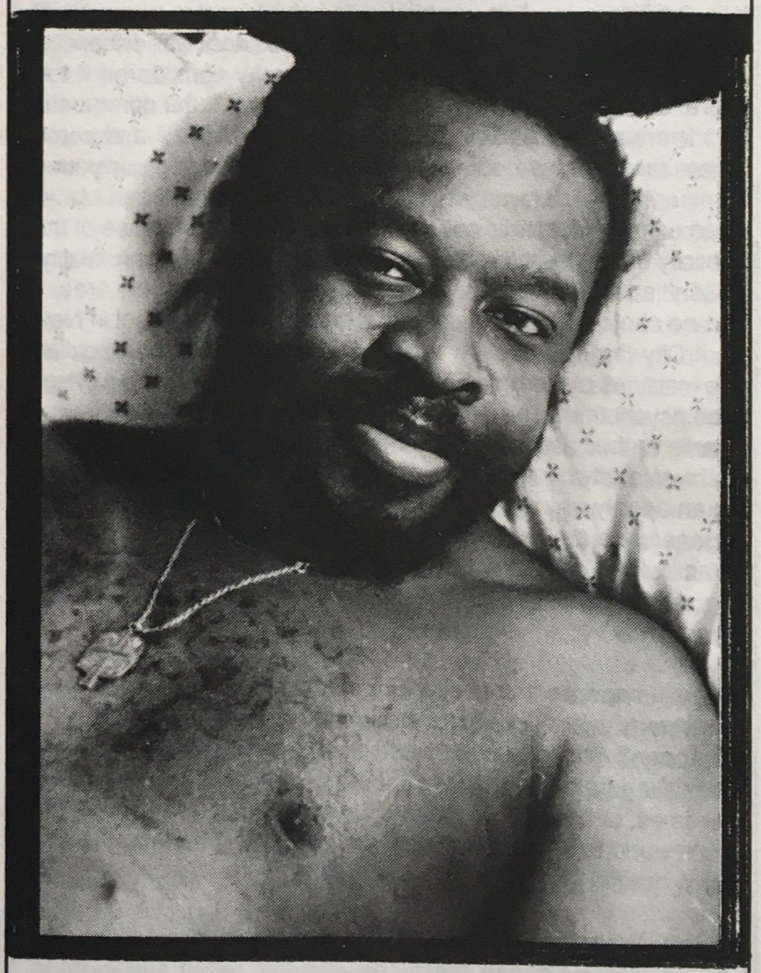
Colley: What other goals have you set for yourself before you retire from public life?

McNeill: Actually, I probably never will completely retire. I do hope to be able someday to give myself over to writing. There's so much more that I have to say and write on the subject of homosexuality and spirituality. It's important to get it out there. I also hope to continue giving workshops, lectures and retreats when practical. But more importantly, Charlie and I won't have to be separated a few days a week any longer because of my practice in New York. And also, we'll then be free to travel to California!

Colley: How about moving to California and letting Charlie and I work our magic together?

McNeill: You never know.

CHARLIE and JOHN live near Binghampton, New York. JOHN commutes to New York City and Binghampton to be with his patients, and CHARLIE divides his time between taking care of the home front and editing this magazine.



CARL LAWRENCE

photo by BOB

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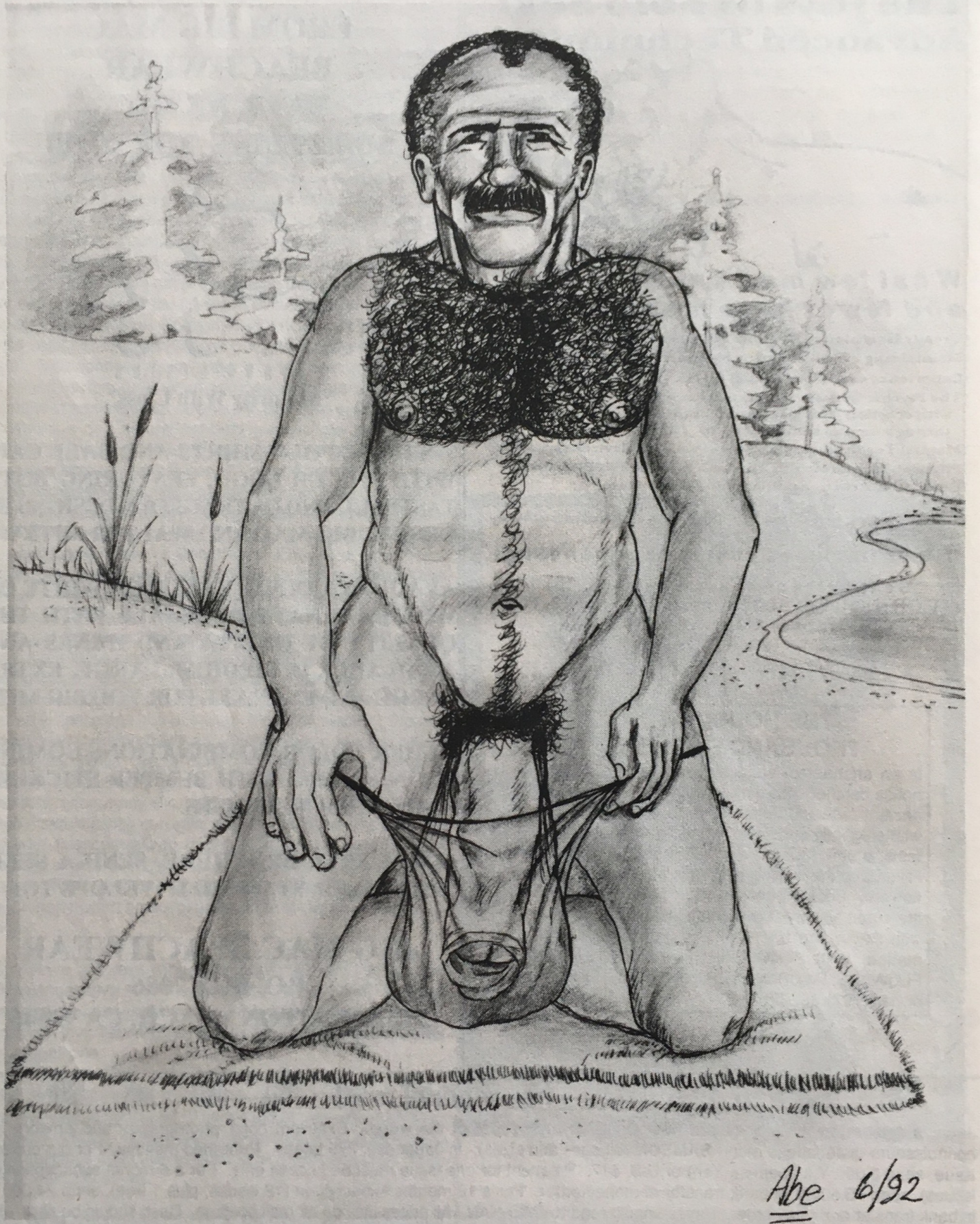


UH OH, SOMEONE'S COMING. BETTER COVER UP.

ABE lives in Washington, DC, and seeks inspirational photos from sexy, masculine daddies. He's 43, 5'-5", 150# and muscular.

PROFILES OF MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

[Note: Always include a photograph when writing to any model. You know what they look like, so how about returning the favor?]

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

JOHN McNEILL (please see cover feature in this issue)

PAGE 2:

ARNIE is 57, 5'-9", 220 pounds of real MAN. He's a bisexual nudist and nonsmoker who lives in Rhode Island and seeks pen pals and friends who are older.

JOE DI FRANCO, ARNIE's nudist buddy, lives in Philadelphia with his mate. He's interested in country and western music, dancing, and photos of hot men, especially redheads.

WALTER, 65, likes hairy men, 40-65, who are well-built and Greek active. He lives with his dog in Germany, where he enjoys table tennis and photography. He seeks correspondence in German only.

KANSAS JAYHAWK is a quiet, masculine, 40-year-old midwesterner looking for a dominant or versatile, RAM-type Daddy/Grandpa who is big, burly, brawny, greying, balding and desirous of someone who will pamper, service and obey. Letters with photos answered first. Can travel and relocate.

PANDA, a 70-year-old Welshman, is into nudism, stocky men, videography and corresponding with pen friends. He lives with his partner of 24 years.

DON QUIXOTE, 59, is a professor of languages in the midwest. He loves heavy-set men, any age, and loves to travel, garden and look for friends. He seeks no attachments but enjoys sex and life as anybody else. Loves to visit and have guests at his house.

PAGE 11:

MAX ANDRUS is a Southern California homeowner who finds himself recently single after 25 years. He loves the outdoors and heavy-set Bears.

PAGE 22:

CARL LAWRENCE, 50, lives in Northern California. He likes photography, music, theater, cooking, needlepoint, people and quiet evenings at home. He's looking to meet others for friendship and fun.

PAGE 27:

KOKOPELLI, 56, is a Puerto Rican-born writer/editor who lives in San Antonio with his mate of 10 years. He's interested in men, 50+, who've worked to stay in good shape, lead an active life, and have wide-ranging interests. Friendship and possible hospitality exchange. Send photo.

KIM just hit 40 and looks better than ever. He's a financial executive living in Atlanta and likes to meet all types of Daddy Bears.

WOLVERINE, 52, lives in the Palm Springs area. He's 5'-8", 210#, single, hairy, and looking for someone 55 to 70. Nonsmoking Ed Asner, Wilford Brimley or THE FRIAR types are a real turn-on.

SPRINGER, 35, is a native Southern Californian residing in Palm Springs. He's attracted to trim men over 60 who are self-confident, aggressive yet gentle, loving and affectionate.

PAGE 28:

AL & JOE are a happy, intergeneration couple living in San Francisco. They're open to friendships with other CR couples.

GERHARD & BLIXA met last winter through CR and made a lifetime commitment thereafter. BLIXA has relocated from Germany to California, where they now reside together. They would entertain hearing from other committed couples for friendship and social contacts.

HEART & ATHOS found each other through CR. Although many miles separate them, they soon will be together in North Carolina. HEART, 58, has been a CR model since '90. ATHOS is 68. They're open to new friendships.

PLOVER & QUETZAL are none other than one of our most popular models from a couple of years back and our principal cartoonist. They have been life mates for almost 18 years and live in West Hollywood.

PALO VERDE PALS are a couple of fun guys who enjoy having friends come see them at their home in Arizona desert. They've been life partners for many years.

THE COLONEL (yes, the 69-year-old CR icon and beloved cofounder) **& TOMCAT** are now living together in a loving relationship in the New Orleans area. TOMCAT is 38-year-old writer from Key West. They're two mighty fine men who love meeting new friends.

PAGE 29:

FRANZ is an early- retired German who seeks contact with men 50+ who are interested in literature and photography. Light handicapped okay. Heavy types, no problem. Tenderness is requested. Answer, please, only in German. Can entertain visitors between November 93 and March 94.

MARTY is a young, 75-year-old retired executive who lives in Orange County, California. He's single, 6'-0",

200#, and a nonsmoker who plays golf and bridge. Having lived overseas for 14 years, he loves to travel. He seeks younger (20-45) guys.

BARNEY is a 31-year-old southern man with personality and style. Believe us when we say that the other side of him is spectacular, too. Now living in central California, he enjoys golf, theatre, and outdoors.

JON, the model, is the same as JON, the writer in this issue. See his profile at the end of his fiction. We would like to point out, however, that the hat he's wearing in this photo is a genuine Russian naval officer's cap.

HAM, 66, and **EGGS**, 35, are rugged, blue collar Oregonians (EGGS is a warehouseman and HAM is a roofer) who enjoy Bonsai designing and meeting other couples, 40-70.

JUHAN is a 27-year-old student in Finland. He likes men over 50 who weigh over 70 kg--men like ZIPPER, NIPPER and SPUD.

PAGE 30:

GLEN NORRIS is a long, tall, gangly guy who loved Americans as a child and has rekindled that love. "Knocking" 60 and living in Queensland (Australia) with his 70-year-old companion, he likes Asian cuisine, painting in acrylics and plant propagation. He seeks to correspond with and meet men like FLORES, SPUD, ILLINOIS BILL, HAWFINCH and AXOLOTL.

DIETER is a 45-year old car mechanic who lives in eastern Germany. He likes pen pals over 55 who like nature, animals, music and postcards.

DIOGENES is a single senior who lives in southern Florida. Like his Athenian namesake, he's hoping to find an honest man with whom he can form an honest relationship.

RON is retired, single, and lives in Southern California. His hobbies include playing classical piano and popular organ. He's interested in a friendship/relationship with a relaxed, laid back sort of man. No stress--no fuss. Music lover a must. He also seeks pen pals from Europe.

JMM, 46, is a stocky, big-chested artist and collectibles dealer who is voluptuary, affectionate, and open to warm, masculine, hung, mature, Dad types. Seeks correspondence and will entertain visitors to mid-Atlantic region, travel, etc.

SUNDIAL, a contractor in Long Island, NY area, is 45, 5'-10", 183#, and a nonsmoker-drinker-drugger who loves older, shorter chubbies. Greatest fantasy: a weekend date with Raymond Burr.

SWEDE, unlike the model, NISSE, is an American of Swedish extraction, not Swedish. We met this energetic, enthusiastic hunk at DENNY and BIG MAC's a few months back, and we can assure you younger admirers of robust, senior men that this senior is a handful in every way imaginable. He's single, lives near San Diego and is involved in some very important charity work.

NISSE is the man we profiled in BRIEFS (Issue #54). He's a 70-year-old Swede who founded the Seniorproject in Stockholm. He also publishes the Swedish language publication, *Gay-Senioren*. He writes and speaks English, as well as many other languages, and would love to hear from CR readers.

PAGE 55:

THE PRODUCER is a 40-year-old, 5'-10", 155# Northern Californian who is in the entertainment industry. He's looking for a domestic partnership with someone 50+, grey or greying, 5'-5" to 5'-10", 150# to 180#.

TURBO, an educated extrovert from the San Francisco Bay Area, likes mature men, sports and music. He and his hot-looking senior life partner (a ROB DADEO lookalike) have been in a relationship for the past 12 years.

SEAN II is a 60ish silver fox with very impressive equipment which is always in a state of alert. He would like to connect with mature, masculine, horny men between the ages of 35 and 50--men who are into long, sensuous, slightly kinky sex play.

BACK COVER:

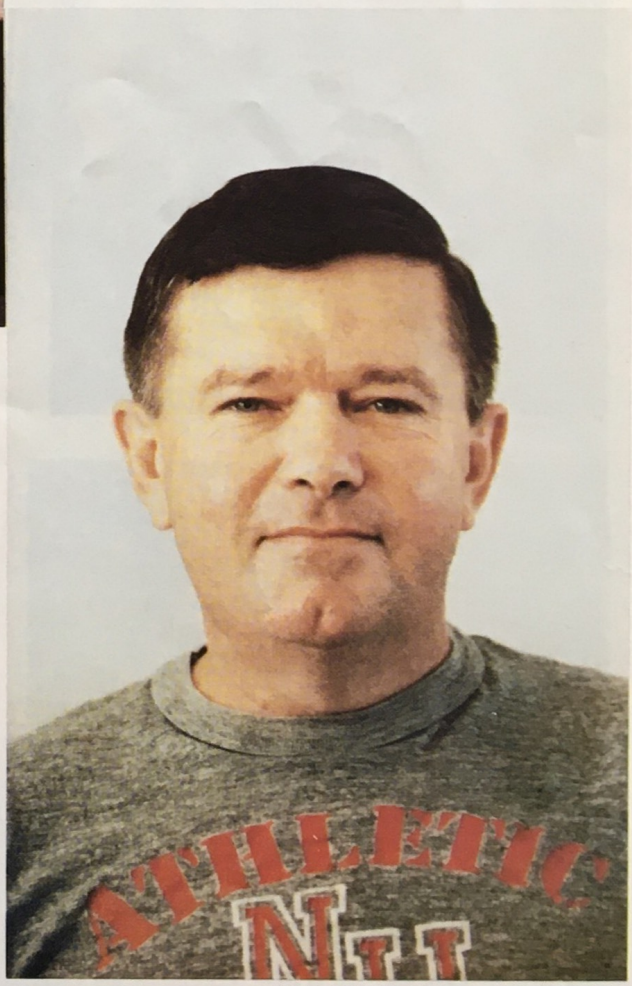
SAMN, an actor/dancer/teacher who is in his 50s and lives in Maryland, is 6'-0" and 170#. He's interested in theatre, old movies, travel, beach, New York City and good wine. He loves younger, in-shape men who are versatile, sensitive, compassionate, active, and looking for shared relationship.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

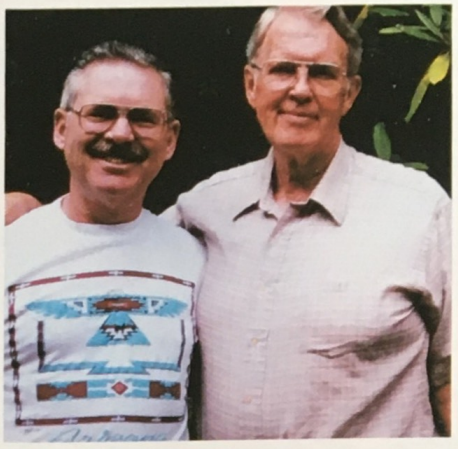
CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professionals in the business and one of our best supporters. Although he's not in the routine portrait business, he will photograph a limited number of our readers for publication in CR, provided they reimburse him for his expenses. However, he waives his standard photo session fee because he believes in our magazine and wants to help us out. For this, we are forever in his debt. Please contact San Franciscan CHELSEA through CR.

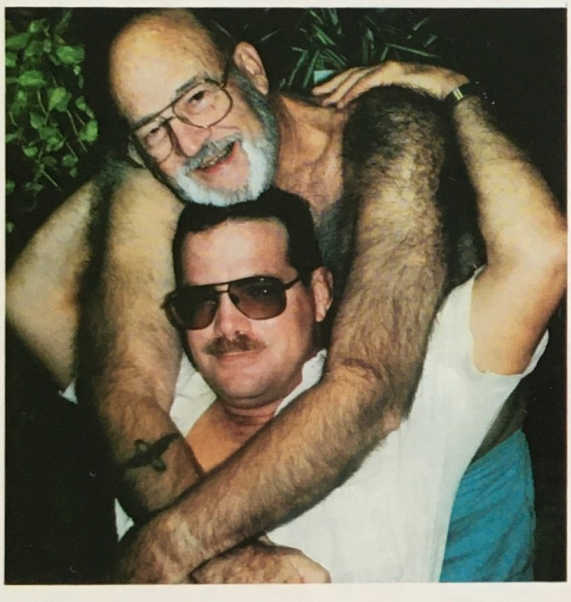
HANSDUDOLF is a handsome, burly CR model who lives with his older life mate in Switzerland. He speaks several languages (English included) and knows a multitude of sexy, mature men throughout the world. He and his lover travel extensively and enjoy meeting new friends.

[Publisher's Note: We are often asked about places which develop nude photos. We do have the addresses of a couple of gay developers who will process hard-core film, but sending your film out to these places for simple nudes isn't always necessary. Many smaller developers--and some larger chain stores--in California will develop nudes, provided they are not of minors. This more liberal situation exists in other states as well. The key is to call the shops in advance and ask about their policy. Shop around and ye shall find.]

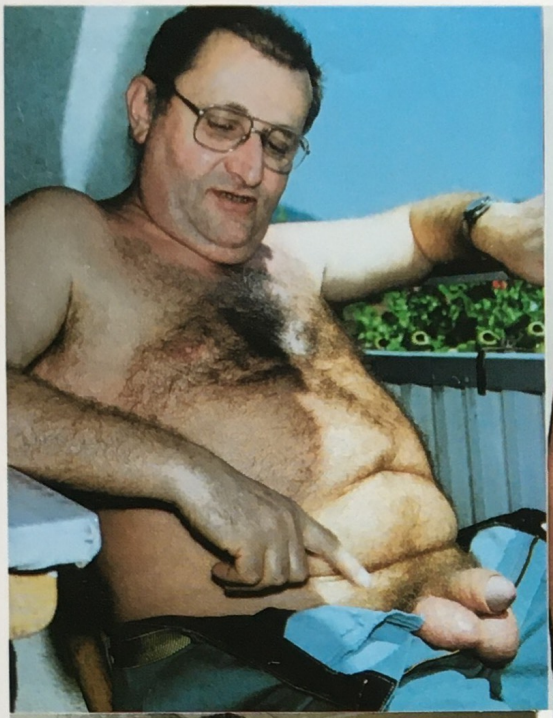


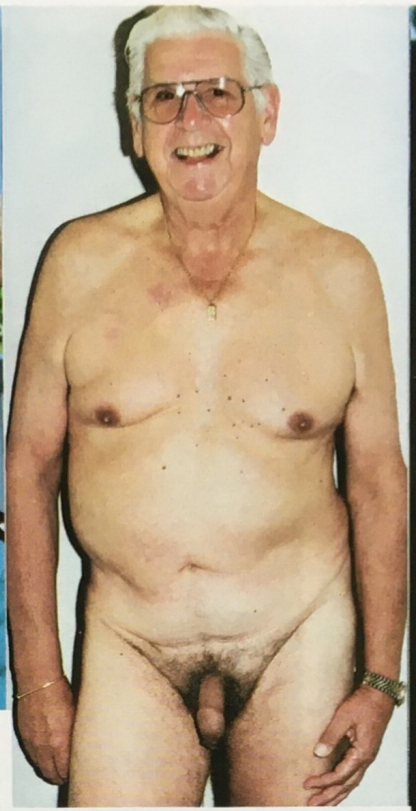
Clockwise from upper left: **KOKOPELLI** - photo by FOX; **KIM** - photo by PHC; **WOLVERINE** - photo by PHC; **SPRINGER** - photo by TRAVIS STONE



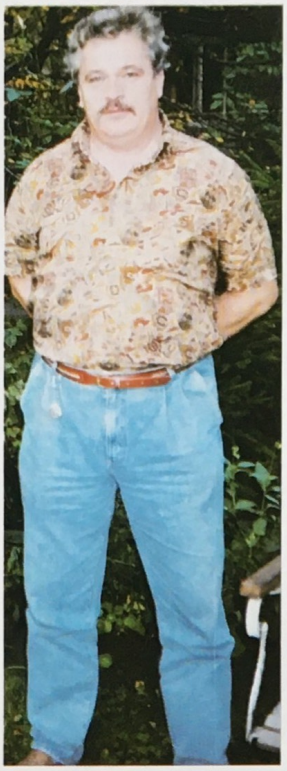


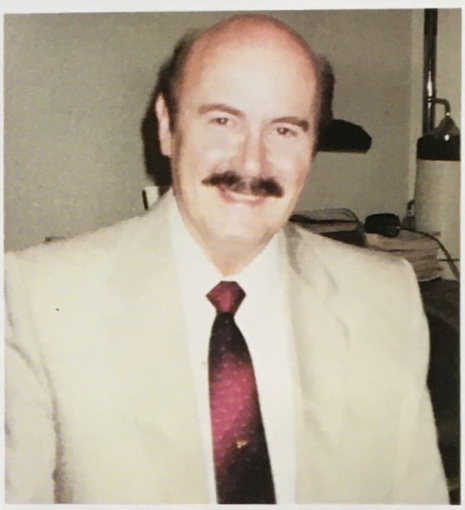
Clockwise from upper left: **AL & JOE** - photo by BILL; **GERHARD & BLIXA** - photo by RENE; **HEART & ATHOS** - photo by LES JULES; **PLOVER & QUETZAL** - photo by a friend; **PALO VERDE PALS** - photo by OLIN MILLS; **THE COLONEL & TOMCAT** - photo by COURT JESTER

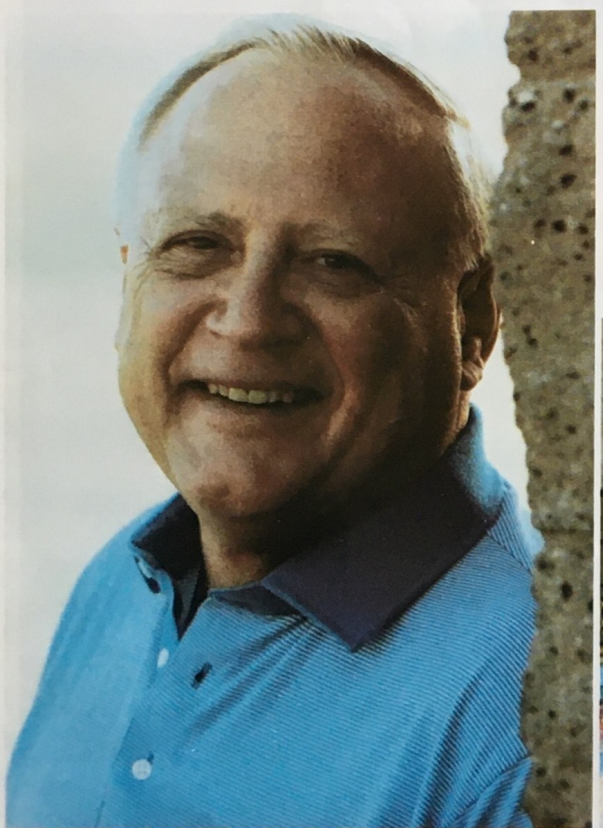
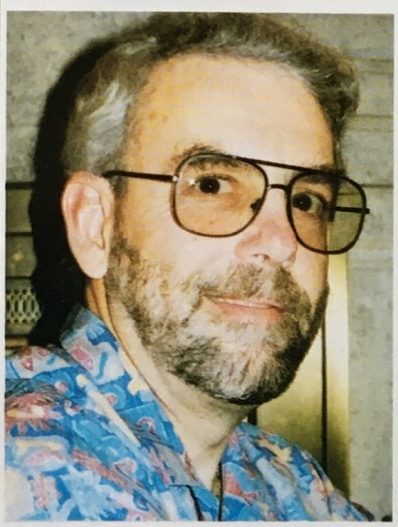
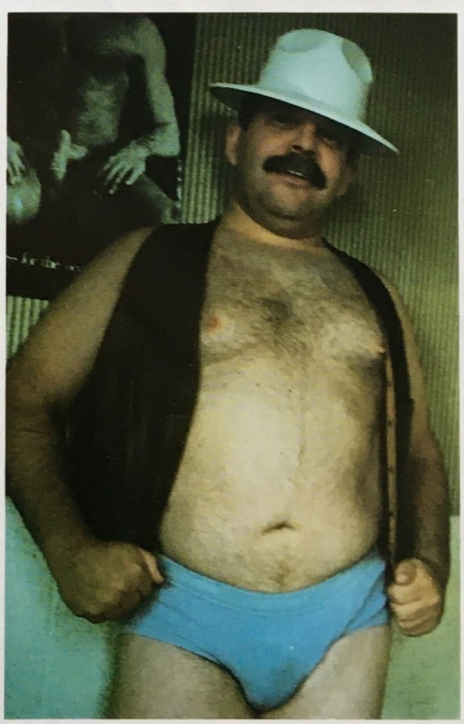




Clockwise from upper left: **FRANZ** - photo by HANSRUDOLF; **MARTY** - photo by BARNEY; **BARNEY** - photo by TCS; **JON** - photo by LEE; **HAM & EGGS** - photo by JOEL; **JUHAN** - photo by MIKKO





Clockwise from upper left: **GLEN NORRIS** - self portrait; **DIETER** - photo by HEINZ; **DIOGENES** - self portrait; **RON** - photo by R. Walker; **J.M.M.** - photo by JJII; **SUNDIAL** - self portrait; **SWEDE** - photo by PHC. Center: **NISSE** - photo by PELLE

ESSAY

MARSH CASSADY

THE FARM IN MY MIND

My grandfather's farm in the 40s was a magical place—a kingdom unto itself. I loved to roam through the sugar woods up behind the barn that blew down and collapsed in upon itself or to play in the grass of the rolling fields.

The house itself was a wonderful building. At my own home bare bulbs hung from the ceiling to cast the shadows from furthest corners. In Grandpa's house glass lamps with thick wicks burned orange in the half-darkness.

Three stories high with an attic, the house held treasures beyond compare—two pump organs, a spinning wheel and a maze of bedrooms. Some had doors nailed shut; others I rarely saw. Yet I imagined Dad's fifteen older brothers and sisters occupying the iron beds with the homemade comforters.

Grandpa, a widower, slept in the room on the right at the top of the first flight of stairs; my uncle John, unmarried, slept in the room on the left. Grandpa's room held nothing personal. John's smelled always of camphor.

The house sat on the edge of a gently sloping hill, unpainted, shingles torn from many a storm till Dad replaced them.

Apple trees stood in a shady front yard where chickens pecked and scratched. Out back was a smokehouse and a well with stone walls covered in moss where a dipper hung on a nail.

On up the road Grandpa's land continued. Here my dad planted truck gardens—long rows that he plowed by hand. Across the road and back a ways was a hidden spring where fern and Indian pipes grew. Deer often came to drink the cool water. Nearby stood a bee tree from which Dad once scooped jars of wild honey.

Uncle John had a small garden behind the smokehouse. Guarding rows of endive and lettuce, potatoes and radishes, stood a hedge of currant bushes. When they were in season, I'd spend half an afternoon gorging my belly till it could hold no more.

Then more than likely I'd go to the stream that ran the width of the farm. I'd rather have been there than any spot in the world—even more than at Ringling Brothers Circus when it came to Johnstown or the carnival that came to my own small town for a week each summer. The stream and its banks comprised a timeless place—just like the house—unattuned to the rest of the world. I built dams or sat and watched the trickling water, swirled sometimes with fine silt by the movement of crayfish.

I liked best the stretch of stream that flowed beyond the ruined barn. A line of trees shielded the cool, moist banks. It was as if here in this place, under these trees, I could count for something; I could be equal. Although the stream and I were different, we were also much alike, fitting in, being a part of the whole, a part of this farm—semi-wild, unworked for years—where we both belonged.

My childhood was harsh and unhappy. I never pleased anyone; anything I did was never enough. So it was a comfort to me that the stream was so old; I somehow thought that if it survived, then I could too. Once, in the stream, my father and I found three rocks embedded with the footprints of an animal I knew to be aeons dead. A shaggy deer, I imagined, with antlers as big as tree limbs.

Beside the stream and beyond a broken fence, the ground formed a shallow bowl. Here, my dad explained, had been a dam—icy cold like the stream—where he and his brothers swam. Now all traces of the dam were gone.

At this spot we once had a campfire—my father, my mother and me. I don't remember the circumstances. I only remember that on that same day Dad showed me a nest of small rabbits snuggled in soft warm fur. This was one of the happier times while I still trusted, while somehow I managed to push aside the memories of abuse, before I began to hate.

At another time on this spot where the campfire glowed, my dad explained how babies came to be born. Seven years old, I perched on a rock, Dad on a tree stump. He told me how sacred it was to become partners with God in creating new life. Later I was told that this same God was a partner in wishing me punished for being different, for being what I could not control.

When I was four, my mom and dad and I went camping up beyond that spot to the sugar woods, pitching our tent atop the dank carpet of fallen leaves. We stayed for six weeks in this wonderful place, where years earlier I suppose, the trees had been tapped for their sap. Here in those weeks I came to accept that the rules of abuse would be suspended. Here my dad dug a deep hole, built a rough framework and a bench and wrapped it with burlap; here he lashed wood together to make a table and hallowed out a cave to keep food from spoiling.

Those were the most constantly happy weeks of my life, spending what seemed like forever then in the place I hold most blessed of all the spots I've ever known. Here, it seemed, there were no expectations, no battered psyches.

Lest anyone think it was only these wood and this stream that bind me to that time and that place, I need mention my grandpa, George "Clel" Cassady, bigger than life, coming, like the house and the stream, from somewhere outside of time. My grandpa, who wore a beard in winters, flannel shirts the whole year round, was such a weaver of tales he could spin enchantment from the simplest occurrences.

I can see him still, sitting in the rocker by the oil-cloth covered table, telling how he remembered when Booth shot Lincoln; of his own stepdad driving the stagecoach between Somerset and Bedford; of narrow escapes from bears and rattlers; of the time his wife Barbara burned up an entire winter's worth of work. Grandpa had come home late one night

in early spring after roaming the hills for months in search of ginseng. He carried a pocketful of two and five and ten dollar bills. After secreting them, he eased into bed, careful not to wake Barbara. The night turned unseasonably cold, and when his wife rose early next morning, she built a fire to take the chill off the house, not knowing the money rested deep down inside the cooking stove.

The stove still stood there, its graceful legs supporting a faded green body and dull black top. Most often I sat with my mom and dad on the dark box, long as a sofa, that held wood for the stove, wood my grandpa chopped up till the time that I was in college and he was in his nineties.

After listening for a time to Grandpa weave his magic, I hurried outside and on to the stream, covered with thin ice in winter, leafy branches in summer.

The farm and the stream and the sugar woods are in my bones and will always be in my bones. Yet once I left home I rarely went back. For thirty-five years I didn't visit the farm. In my mind I saw the yard grown to weeds, the front pillars rotted and fallen. When my mother went into a nursing home and I had to sell her house along the old Lincoln Highway, my life partner Jim and I drove down the road the four miles to this magical place of my childhood. The house was still standing and whole. It looked almost garish in a coat of new paint. I thought of my stream, wanting so badly to see it, but not daring to stop. The people there would think me crazy.

At any rate, I wouldn't want to go back to such an unhappy childhood, broken only by that camping trip and days and evenings at Grandpa's. But I like to bring certain parts here to me now, the parts so strongly tied to that stream. When the world becomes, as Frost once wrote, too much with us, I go back in my mind and recapture my time out of time once more. I go to Grandfather's farm.

I sit on the banks of my stream, watching water flow by. I take off my shoes and socks, carefully setting them up on the bank, and roll up my pant legs. I stick my feet into the water, rest them in velvety silt, feel the lushness of moss.

There's a flat stone, cool as fruit cellar jars, where I rest. Though still I sit at my desk in San Diego, many miles distant, my essence, my spirit, sits on the bank of a stream in a realm as real as the one in which my body remains.

I transcend anger then at the unhappiness of my early years. At present frustrations. At words of degradation hurled at me for making no secret of what I am. For all the hurt and pain of the past and of the present. In the piece and quietude, I think of friends, both straight and gay, for whom I am thankful. Most of all, I think of Jim and know that less and less now do I need to return to the farm.

MARSH CASSADY is one of our most distinguished contributors. Formerly a theatre and writing professor, he is the author of 26 books, both fiction and nonfiction. Many of his books have been adopted into the theatre curricula at universities from coast to coast. Holding a Ph.D. in theatre, he is now co-publisher of Los Hombres Press and lives in San Diego with his equally distinguished life partner, author and professor of English and creative writing, JIM KITCHEN.

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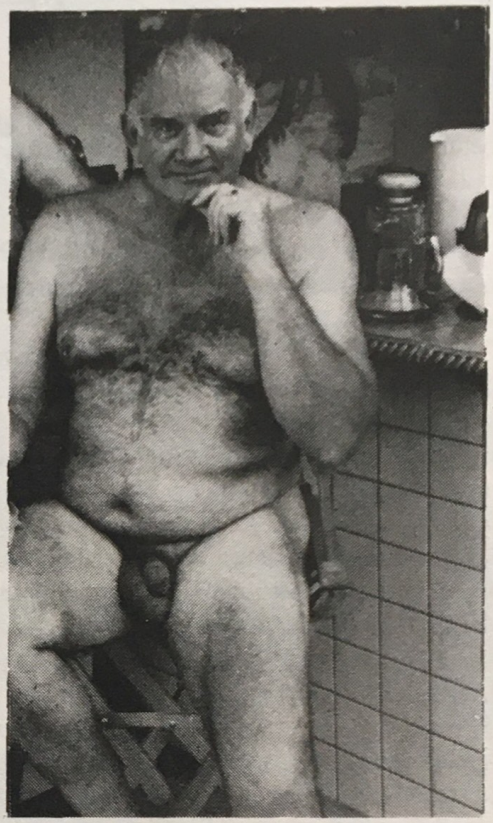

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Springtime should signal a transition to easy living, less work, more fun and lighter food fare. As a part of eating less, we also seek recipes that are easy to prepare. Little or no cooking seems to be the order of the day, as well as ease in preparation.

For those in a hurry in the morning, this power drink is a meal in itself:

Rise 'N Shine
(2 servings)
1 cup orange juice, fresh
egg substitute (equivalent of one egg)
1/4 cup soy milk
2 tablespoons toasted wheat germ
1 tablespoon raw honey
3 ice cubes

Combine all the ingredients in a blender or food processor and blend at high speed till smooth. A great way to start the day when you don't have the time for a proper breakfast.

In the Middle East, bulgur wheat (similar to cracked wheat) is a staple in cooking, and this casserole will feed four generously, while any leftovers can be used to fill tomatoes, bell peppers or squash halves (just bake in the oven till the vegetable is tender).

Orange-Bulgur Vegetarian Casserole
(4 generous servings)
1 tablespoon unsalted margarine or canola oil
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 clove garlic, minced
1 cup uncooked bulgur wheat
1 cup fresh orange juice
1 cup water
1 - 15 oz. can kidney beans, drained
1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
1/3 cup raisins
1/4 cup toasted wheat germ
2 navel oranges, peeled, sectioned

Conventional method: Using a large skillet, melt margarine over medium heat; sauté onion, celery and garlic for one minute. Add bulgur and continue cooking, stirring for five minutes. Stir in orange juice and water and bring to a boil. Add kidney beans, mushrooms, raisins and wheat germ. Lower heat and simmer covered, 15 to 20 minutes, until all the liquid is absorbed. Spoon into serving dish and garnish with orange sections.

Microwave method: Using a 2-quart casserole dish, cover and cook margarine or oil, onion, celery, garlic and bulgur for five minutes on high or full power. Stir once or twice to prevent the bulgur from caking or sticking together. Stir in remaining ingredients, except orange sections, and cook covered on high for 8 to 10 minutes, until all the liquid is absorbed. Let the dish rest undisturbed for 2-1/2 minutes before serving hot, garnished with the orange sections.

Using fruit (or juices) with vegetables gives a new look and taste to the needed foods. For those who like succotash, this new version of a relish makes a tasty accompaniment to any entrée:

Corn Relish
(approximately 6 cups)
4 cups cooked or canned corn kernels, drained
1 red bell pepper, diced
1 green bell pepper, diced
1/2 cup chopped yellow onion
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 cup fresh orange juice
1 cup cider vinegar
1/4 cup sugar or raw honey
2 teaspoons mustard seed
1-1/2 teaspoon sea salt

Combine all the ingredients in a large saucepan. Cook uncovered for 15 to 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Store in jars in the refrigerator for up to 6 weeks.

With pasta making itself known as a light but powerful meal when it's served with a primavera (vegetable) sauce, these pasta shells are delicate and tender. The vegetables lend themselves to crispness, while the orange sections add succulence and sweet fragrance to the dish:

Orange Primavera Salad
(6 servings)
2 cups baby shell pasta, cooked, drained, chilled
2 cups broccoli florets, blanched
1 carrot, sliced, blanched
1/4 lb. snow peas, trimmed, cut in half lengthwise
1/2 cup red bell peppers, julienned
6 oranges, peeled, 4 sectioned, 2 sliced

In a large bowl, combine pasta, broccoli, carrot slices, snow peas and red pepper. Toss with your favorite chilled salad dressing. Chill. (This is great with no-calorie Italian or Vinaigrette dressing.) Cut the orange slices in half and arrange with the round side up along the sides of a deep serving dish. Spoon salad into the dish.

KOOKABURRA has published 4 cook books and is an internationally renowned gourmet microwave chef who lives in Florida. Being single, he loves to receive mail, especially from tall, relationship-oriented huskies, 40-70. At 5'-10" and 250#, this 66-year-old is active in community affairs, singing professionally and teaching microwave cooking.

FICTION

BY **JON**

THE DAY IT RAINED

It was a cheerless afternoon. Angry, dark clouds scudded across the sky, and a chill breeze blew icy drops of rain against my face. My feet felt heavy and numb. I dragged myself through the streets almost despairingly, looking for something to melt an inner frozenness. Life was, I told myself, treating me very cruelly, and I could see no further purpose in my being around. Oh, yes, I had some interests. I loved reading and was an ardent devotee of classical as well as some popular music. I had my regular round of golf and belonged to several social clubs. All this, but I still had a gnawing ache, that strange feeling of emptiness. I had been moving toward this hiatus for some considerable time and knew I must do something about it, one way or another.

Regardless of this sense of inner dullness, there were yet strange urgings seeking for expression. It was a mixture of deep emotional and powerful physical needs. I needed to find a fulfillment which at the moment seemed denied me. I longed to let myself go, to discover a new freedom, a release from this binding confinement of spirit and soul.

It all began two falls ago. I was married, but after some thirty years of blissful relationship, my wife had begun to develop Alzheimer's disease. A sexual relationship had long ago ceased, but a deeper emotional and spiritual union had welded us together and held us through the following months. The inevitable happened. It was the most traumatic experience of my whole life when I stood at the graveside and bid my loved one farewell.

I couldn't bear being in the old home which seemed to take on an air of chilled emptiness, so eventually I moved into a small apartment. I was now alone. Over the last nine months or so I'd become more and more depressed, and I could not contain my desperation any longer. But what was I desperate for? I was to find out on this particular day I found myself walking the cold, wet, miserable streets.

The coffee shop looked inviting. The steamed-up windows seemed to suggest warmth and comfort and drew me magnet-like through the door. My first drink did wonders to ease the chill out of my body. The second cup I sat dreamily stirring as I fell into deep thought. It was then that he spoke to me.

"Can I help you sort things out?" It was a gentle, soothing voice, and its calmness drew me out of my preoccupation.

I looked up into the most compassionate, soft, serene pair of blue eyes I had ever seen. They were set in a round, cherubic face of a man with snow-white hair that curled about his ears in beautiful soft waves. Had I died and met an angel?

"I don't mean to intrude, but I somehow feel you could use a little help. You look so tormented, indecisive—after all, they do say a trouble shared is a trouble halved, don't they? You can tell me to go away, and I will do just that, if that's what you want . . . but something tells me you'd like to talk about things."

This "angel" seemed so real, so true, that I thought my prayers of the past months were being answered at last. In his presence, my despair, torment—call it what you will—vanished and I began to talk without inhibition about my life and its happenings. He listened patiently as I droned on about how life had struck me a fateful blow. Not once did he interrupt me but continued to gaze at me with those beautiful eyes.

At last, when I had exhausted my list of complaints, he smiled, reached forward to put his hand on mine. "I understand fully. Some two years ago I lost my partner. No, I've never been married . . . not in the conventional sense. My orientation has always been male-directed. Does this confession disturb you?"

I had always adopted the policy of "live and let live," but I must admit that this revelation, if not shocked, certainly surprised me. "Uh . . . no, of course not. Please continue."

"Well, I had a partner, some years younger than I, and we lived together in a wonderful, meaningful relationship. We enjoyed a deep spiritual understanding of each other, and we were extremely contented. We also had a fulfilling physical exchange. Life was idyllic—until one day, about a year ago . . . . He was killed in a car accident. I can't pretend to know about life with a woman, but I'm sure that my feelings at that time were akin to those of yours."

"I'm sorry to hear about your partner," I said, "and I'm sure you know precisely my thoughts and feelings. It's good to talk to another who's able to appreciate my problem."

For the next hour of so we continued to exchange comments; then we parted after having agreed to meet again the next day, and the day after that, and so on until we came together to drink coffee every day and share our sense of loneliness.

In all this, I began to realize that I was becoming more and more attracted to this man. At first it was only an emotional magnet that drew me to him day after day, but gradually there came a distinct physical urge that made me want to be near him. It was an experience new to me so that even the shake of our hands sent impulses racing through me, electrifying, startling, and strangely irresistible. I must confess I looked forward keenly to seeing this new friend each day.

One day sitting together in the coffee shop, he looked at me with a new, different kind of stare. It was almost as if he could read what I was thinking and hoping for when he said:

"John, why not come over to my place tonight? We can chat in comfort and warmth."

By this time we had learned each other's names, and even this advance brought new meaning into our friendship. His invitation sent waves of anticipation washing through me. My sense of despair was easing as I began to wallow in this new situation.

"Thank you, Clive, I would like that very much."

He gave me directions; later that day I found myself ringing the bell on the door of Clive's home, a small but clean-looking white cottage set in its own little grounds. It breathed out an air of peace and serenity, and when Clive took my hand and showed me into his living room, I once again felt that surge of anticipation. I was calm and happy; even though I knew I was on the edge of further new discoveries, I felt a sense of calm and peace.

Pictures adorned the walls of the room—classical prints, for the most part. But I was especially attracted to several pictures of a nude, tastefully and artistically drawn in varying exquisite

poses. The sheer beauty of each pose captivated my attention so much that I momentarily forgot about Clive. It wasn't until his gentle voice broke in on my reflections that I realized how rude I had been to ignore him.

"You like them?"

"Oh, ah . . . I'm sorry . . . ."

His eyes met mine as he looked at me with a bemused smile.

"Yes . . . they're beautiful," I said. "I've never seen anything like them before. Who's the model?"

Clive stared at the pictures with a far away look, which lasted only for a moment. Then, with a trace of tears, he said, "He was my partner I told you about. Those were posed in his earlier days, but even in his latter years he never quite lost that beauty of body."

It was during that moment as he looked at the pictures that I knew, could feel, his sense of loss, his longing for something to compensate his frustration; his very gentleness seemed only to accentuate his loneliness.

We spent the evening chatting about this and that and all the time growing closer to each other's need. It seemed now as if we had known each other for a long time. There was no shyness, no embarrassment, as we spoke of our need for love and affection, each of us knowing that we had much to give and share.

"Why not stay the night?" Clive suddenly asked me. "I have a spare room."

Then I suppose it was the boldness of my answer that set the seal on our relationship. "Why a spare room? Why not the same room, the same bed?" If I had expected him to show any resentment at my boldness, he didn't show it. In fact, into his face came a look of relief, of happiness, that somehow I had read his thoughts, coincided with his feelings, a mutual understanding of desire.

"Yes, John, why not the same bed?"

I could never describe that night with any measure of success. It was an experience quite out of this world. Lying closely together, our first kiss was one of complete abandonment. His embrace was earnest and warm, and he explored every inch of my body with a touch that was loving and sensational. As he pressed ever more closely to me, I could feel the swelling bulge between his legs and the response of my own, rising in sympathy. We began to move in mutual rhythm as I passively yielded to his probings. I had begun a new adventure and knew that I liked it. It was heaven to be with this gentle, loving, beautiful man as we took and gave from each other's physical treasure. This was more than lust, more than just mere physical craving. This was love, poignant and real. The intensity of a union in which we became lost in each other, lost to everything but our longing for each other. The ultimate came in a profound shuddering climax together: a climax of joy, of respect and admiration and love.

Since that first night together, I have given up my apartment and moved in with Clive. The sun shines inside now whatever the weather outside.

I am a happy, fulfilled person once again.

JON, one of our most popular models (CR#52), resides in England, where he spends a lot of time sketching and writing. He is interested in human relations as well as deep emotional and physical concerns and seeks to be helpful to all. Frank correspondence is welcomed.

HOWDY FROM ALL THE STAFF AND VOLUNTEERS AT CR

Photo by Charlie Chiarelli

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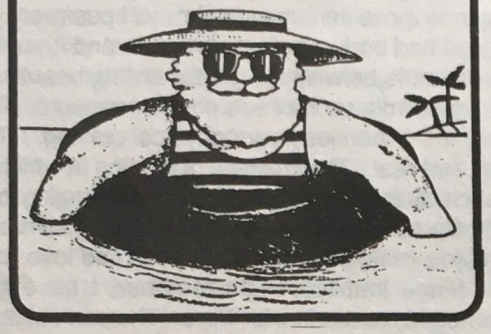

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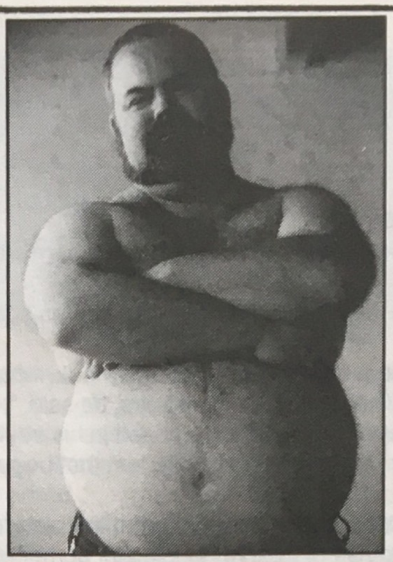

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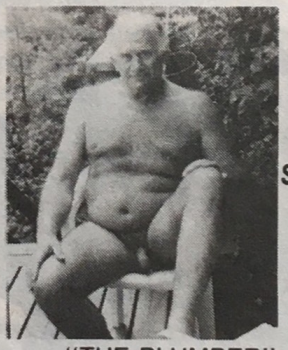

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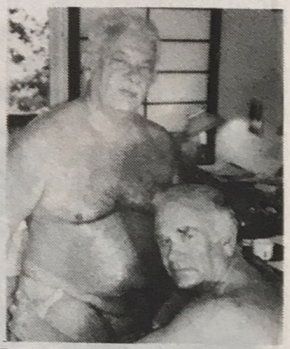

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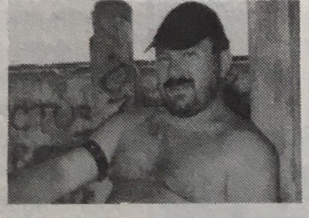

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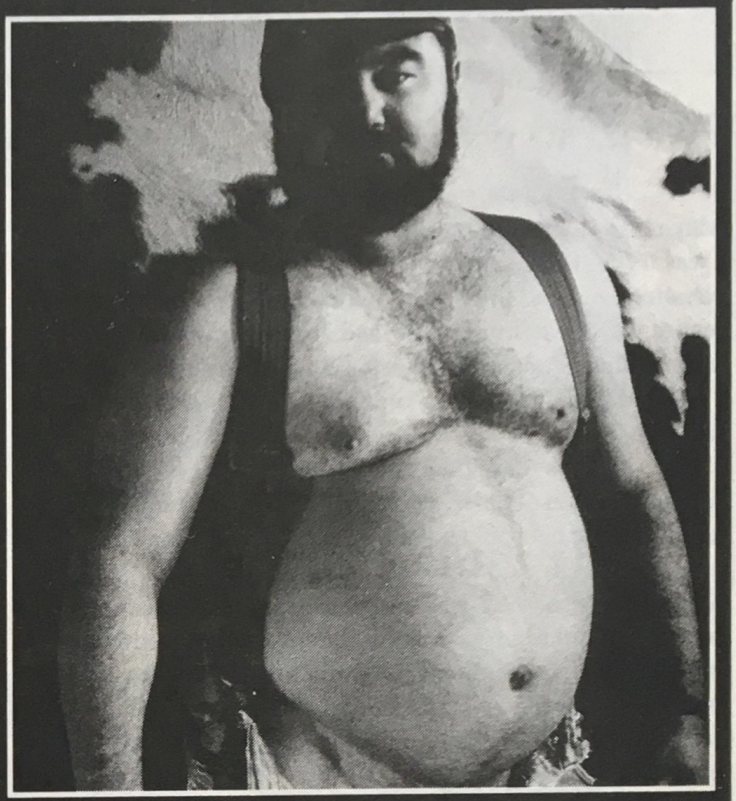

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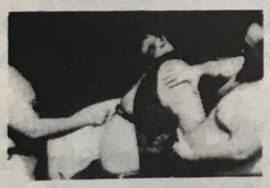

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FICTION

THE RESCUE BY OCHO

ILLUSTRATION BY RAM

Chicago, Summer of 1963

It was a fitting ending to a perfectly miserable evening, which I'd spent in a sleazy dive just south of the Loop on Wabash. I was trying to make out with a drunk who looked like the pro wrestler, Dick the Bruiser. Unfortunately, he was too stupid to realize what I was trying to do, and I was too naive to realize that his friendliness was only a ploy to get me to buy him more drinks. I realized I was wasting my time when he passed out just before last call.

In those days I did things like that a lot. I was so hungry for the affection of older, stocky men that I would follow one for hours, hoping he would go into some public rest room or tavern. My evenings would always start out at the Dome in the old Sherman House Hotel, a haven for mature traveling businessmen who were looking for some discreet male companionship. If nothing was happening at the Dome, my similarly inclined bar buddies would try the Palmer House or the old Kitty's on Rush, but those places didn't have men rugged enough for me. If I had enough booze in me (and most of the time I did), I'd strike out for the toilets in the Sheraton and the Illinois Central Station. I would prowl the streets like some predator.

I left as the bartender was trying to awaken Dick the Bruiser's double. The hunt was over, and it was time to catch the elevated for my apartment on Sheridan near the lake. Slowly walking toward the station stairway, I felt disconsolate. It didn't seem like such a complicated quest. All I wanted was some average-looking, older man, the kind I found in great numbers on the way to work every morning.

Reaching the platform, I saw that I was alone. I looked at my watch and noticed it was almost 2:00 a.m. *You dumb fuck,* I chided myself. *Why didn't you take a goddamn cab?* I could see myself getting mauled by a gang of young toughs.

I felt the urge to urinate and looked across the tracks at the other platform. Finding it empty, too, I stood behind a shelter and pissed on the wooden planks. Then came the sound of an approaching train, and I hastily finished.

As the train stopped at the opposite platform, I heard running footsteps heading my way. In my drunken stupor, I managed to look around just as a blond, burly man pushed me down, causing my head to hit the platform.

To my amazement I awakened, not inside a hospital, but on the bare floor of a jail cell. My head hurt terribly, and there was sharp pain coming from my groin. My cell mates were laughing when I tried to sit up.

"Hey, the phantom pisser!" yelled one.

I struggled to focus on the others' faces. There were four men: three older blacks and another younger Latino like me.

"What happened?" I mumbled.

The three black men laughed loudly.

I looked pleadingly at the Latino, who wasn't laughing. I got the impression that he was terrified. *Probably his first time,* I thought, realizing it was my second.

"There was a stakeout going on below the platform," he said in mixture of Spanish and English. "You pissed on this sergeant, man, and he was one pissed-off motherfucker. He personally threw you in here and kicked you in the stomach."

The black men stared at my *compañero*, obviously suspicious of his usage of Spanish.

"Jesus," I groaned, struggling to stand, holding on to the bars until I got my equilibrium back. The bruise on my abdomen was painful, but I sensed that there was no serious internal damage.

"You best be happy that sergeant ain't on duty now," said the older of the three black men. "Otherwise, he be waitin' for your ass when we get out in a few minutes."

There was some consolation in the fact that it was not a workday and that I would be allowed to leave shortly, but the feeling was overshadowed by the chilling reality that my drinking would probably get me killed before I reached thirty.

When I left the police headquarters building at 11th and State, the sun was blinding and it was already insufferably hot. I wanted to quickly go home and get clean and cool. But just as I was about to hail a cab, I looked inside my wallet and realized that my sergeant friend had relieved me of about thirty-five dollars, leaving only a couple of ones.

Wearily, I looked up State Street and began walking toward the elevated rather than take a subway and transfer. And then the urge to urinate came again, causing me to laugh. *It never fails,* I thought, looking around for a place to relieve myself. I spotted an alley up ahead and figured that I only had two choices: piss in my pants or find a place where there were no cops.

A few yards inside the alley I found an alcove shielded by a dumpster. Carefully looking both ways, I urinated. And that's when I saw him, lying on a piece of cardboard with a copy of the New York Times over his mid-section and an empty bottle of fortified wine lying at his feet. Another bottle stuck out of his coat pocket.

At first he looked like any other bum sleeping in an alley, but there was something attractive about him. A stocky man, he appeared to be in his late fifties or early sixties and had a bald head with grey fringe. His complexion was ruddy, and he had a smile on his face, like he was having some sweet dream, probably about the way his life used to be, I assumed.

He stirred, sweeping the paper away with a thick-fingered hand and exposing enormous genitals hanging from his

unzipped fly. Amazed, I stood perfectly still and imagined how exciting he would be freshly showered. But the fantasy was short-lived, replaced by concern for why such a good-looking man had allowed himself to get into that condition. Convinced that he would be arrested for exposure as well as vagrancy if a cop spotted him, I decided to awaken him.

"Hey, buddy."

He stirred again, then the smile left his face.

"Hey, man, wake up."

His eyelids opened, exposing bloodshot blue eyes. I looked into those eyes and felt a dizzying rush of emotions. For an instant, I could actually sense his pain, his hopelessness.

And then his expression turned suspicious and protective. I was shut out.

"Don't be afraid of me, man," I assured him. "I just want to make sure you don't get arrested for exposure."

He squinted at me, shielding his eyes from the sun.

"Your . . . ." I pointed.

He quickly sat up and looked at his crotch. His already red face flushed to dark crimson. "Shit," he grumbled, stuffing his cock and balls back inside his trousers. "Some guy said he'd give me some wine if I let him suck my dick. I must have passed out."

What he said and how he said it took me by complete surprise. In spite of his condition, I found myself lusting for him, but I felt ambivalent about acting upon my desires. "These cops around here are pretty mean," I said, trying to compose myself. "I just got out of jail for pissing on an el platform."

"Really?" He zipped up his trousers and staggered to his feet.

"Only problem, though: there was a stakeout going down underneath, and I got some sergeant in the kisser."

His reaction was delayed, but he began to laugh, wincing at the pain of doing so. "You . . . *pissed* . . . on . . . ?" He howled with laughter and had to hold on to the dumpster.

I noticed a couple of wooden crates nearby and gestured for us to sit. He nodded, still laughing, and allowed me to help him sit on one.

"Of course, *he* didn't think it was too funny," I said, sitting next to him.

The man's laughter finally trailed off, and he looked at me with a friendly expression. "That nearly killed me. That's the best laugh I've had in . . . a long time." His eyes took on a faraway look.

"When's the last time you ate anything?" I asked, wondering what I'd do if he asked me for a couple of bucks for food.

"Oh . . . couple of days," he said, looking at his shoes, which were still in fairly good shape.

"Come home with me," I blurted, surprising myself with my directness. "I'll cook us up some breakfast, maybe wash your duds."

He gave me a suspicious look again. "I didn't think you looked that down and out."

"Well, looks can be deceiving," I shot back.

"You want to save me, don't you? You want to rescue me."

"Rescue you?" I laughed. "From what?"

"Old 'Daddy Death'. He's breathing down my neck."

His words chilled me, but I shrugged it off. "If I save anyone's ass, it'll be mine. Hey, I got booze in the house, too. When's the last time you had something besides wine to drink?"

"Then what's the catch?"

I started to say that there was none, but I felt he deserved an honest answer. Moreover, the wisdom projected in his eyes assured me that he could see through any ploy. "Maybe I want to suck your dick, too," I blurted.

He was taken aback for a few seconds then shook his head. "You don't look the part."

"Yeah?" I said. "Well, you don't look the part of a bum, either."

He looked down at his feet again, then back up to me. "No preaching, okay? And no probing either. Stay out of my head."

I nodded. "Deal."

My neighbors stared at us as we walked into my apartment building across the street from Lake Michigan. Although the building was a cheap four-plus-one with moderate rentals, the other buildings across the street were all expensive high-rises. Still, I had a great view of the lake between two of the larger buildings.

Inside the apartment, my guest seemed intimidated. He appeared reluctant to step on the carpeting for fear of soiling it.

"First things first," I said, coming up behind him and ushering him to the bathroom. "Take your clothing off so I can put them in the washer down the hall. Then you can shave and brush your teeth—there's a brand new toothbrush still in the package in the medicine cabinet. After that, take a long, hot shower, and I'll have a terry cloth robe for you to wear. Okay?"

He nodded and began to undress. I took his filthy coat with the bottle in the pocket and placed it inside a plastic bag in a hall closet.

When he came out of the bathroom dressed in the robe, his hair was combed and he was clean-shaven. His eyes were less bloodshot, and even his nails were clean. He looked more like a CEO than a derelict. It was then that I realized I had to reach him enough to make him stay.

As we sat at the table eating the big breakfast I cooked, I could see that he'd been very hungry. I couldn't, however, figure out why he wasn't emaciated. It was obvious that, except for a patch on his trousers, everything indicated that he was fairly new to the world of the streets.

"Damn, that was good!" he exclaimed, pulling his chair away from the table and crossing his well-muscled legs. "I feel like a new man."

"How long have you been on the streets?" I asked, also finishing my breakfast and pushing my plate away.

"I thought we agreed no probing," he said with a good-natured smile.

"I find you fascinating."

"You find a *bum* fascinating?" He chuckled bitterly.

"You aren't a bum," I insisted.

"If it looks like bum, smells like a bum . . . "

"It doesn't look or smell like a bum now."

He stood up and walked to a window which overlooked the lake. "It will after I leave." He glanced back at me. "I ran into this 'street philosopher' the other day over on Central. He tried to get into my head. Told me I didn't belong on the street."

"Maybe you don't."

"What do you have to drink?" he asked, glancing toward my kitchen nervously, effectively changing the subject.

Being a binge drinker mostly, I still couldn't quite grasp why some people had to drink lightly all day long. It seemed so easy to classify those types as alcoholics. Of course, in my mind I was no "lush" because I usually never drank before five . . . except on weekends. "I got anything your little heart desires," I said, sensing that he was beginning to have second thoughts about being there.

"Scotch. Man, I haven't had any good Scotch in a long time," he said, placing an arm around my shoulder and looking

intently at my kitchen cabinets.

"How about Johnny Walker Red?" I opened up a cabinet, revealing half-gallon bottles of Scotch, gin, vodka, and Canadian whiskey.

His eyes lit up like I'd just opened up a treasure box filled with pearls and precious gemstones.

"Johnny Walker," he said breathlessly.

I grabbed two heavy glasses and placed ice cubes in them from the freezer. Filling his with Scotch and mine with Canadian whiskey, I handed him his drink and watched as he sipped it with joy radiating from his face. I knew then that I could have him at will—that he would do anything, provided I kept him plied with booze.

We sat on a love seat in the living room. While he savored the liquor, I became determined to find out more about him. I felt confident that as soon as the Scotch reached his bloodstream, more than just his cock would be mine for the taking. And the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was about to attempt to do what I agreed not to do: get inside his head.

The first signal that his barrier was coming down came when he spread his legs apart, undoing the robe. But I wanted more. The longer I looked into his haunting eyes, the more I wanted him to stay with me for keeps. But the feeling brought me a creeping, profound anxiety. After all, I knew nothing about him, and I was a master at deluding myself.

"I don't even know your name," I said, realizing that neither of us had said anything for several moments.

"Foster," he said, extending his beefy hand. "That's my first name, not my last."

"Reynaldo," I said, shaking his hand and feeling his chemistry invade my body.

"Reynaldo," he repeated.

Foster, I thought, letting the sound of it reverberate in my mind. It certainly wasn't a name one would associate with a bum.

"Where're you from, Foster?" I asked innocently.

He smiled. "Nice try," he said, spreading his legs wider. "How about swinging on this for a while?"

The sensual, commanding edge to his voice made me tingle, and when I tried to place my drink on the coffee table in front of us, my hand trembled.

"Take off the robe," I whispered, dropping to my knees, looking up at him as he pulled his heavy arms through the sleeves. His body was magnificent, with fine salt and pepper chest hair tapering to meet his pubic bush of the same color. He had the physique of a man who had, until recently, worked hard and kept himself in shape. I wondered what it would take to convince him to cease self-destructing and once again treat his body as a shrine. It saddened me to know that it would only be a matter of weeks or months before he began to deteriorate and suffer muscle and liver atrophy. And then I realized the absurdity of such pious advice coming from a drunk like me.

"Suck it," he whispered, the look on his face clearly indicating that he wanted it—that it was no longer part of some bargain for liquor.

I took his hardening cock inside my mouth and held it there, feeling it expand to the girth of my wrist.

He placed his hands behind my head and ran his fingers lightly through my hair. "Oh, yeahhhhhhhh," he said lazily, most certainly in no hurry.

I looked up at him, expecting to see a basically straight man with his eyes closed tightly while attempting to conjure up the memory of some wild fuck. Instead, he was gazing down at me with a look of serenity and fondness.

As our eyes locked together, I felt swept back in time to a wonderful childhood memory: I'd been riding my father's knee and fell to the floor. Although I wasn't hurt, I turned to him and wondered if it was appropriate to cry. But my father's tranquil, loving expression silenced me.

"Now, stroke," whispered Foster, gently prodding me out of my reverie.

I took him in wet, deep strokes, careful not to break the spell of placidity, which he obviously enjoyed. My gaze stayed locked onto his so that I could study him and gauge his passion. Detecting a shudder and deeper breathing, I cupped his shaft more with my tongue and slightly accelerated my stroke. And then his expression took on a glint of wildness as a groan emanated from deep within his throat. His eyes opened wider, betraying a sense of urgency. His hands locked together behind my head, at first riding my pace, then expediting it.

Feeling my jaw muscles begin to spasm, I reached for his ball sac and felt the size of his testicles, which were much too large to get inside my mouth for a diversion. Determined to take him to orgasm without a flaw, I willed my mouth to relax and gape until his pubic hairs were mingling with my eyebrows. I engulfed him and spontaneously climaxed on the floor as he yelled out and filled my mouth with something more than mere sweet semen. There seemed to be an exchange of electromagnetism and memory, both past and future, a tiny piece of haunting ectoplasm, remnants of sorrow and pain.

After that one wondrous interlude, he reached a level of intoxication that prevented another erection during the rest of the day. He maintained his mellowness with constant sipping while allowing me tantalizing bits and pieces from his life. Even in my drunken stupor the information came together to tell a vague tale of a tortured man who lost his loved ones and dignity in installments because of his addiction to alcohol. His life made a mockery of the old adage I'd heard from my mother and so many other religious people: "The Lord will never make me suffer more than I can endure."

During the next forty-two hours, we drank, ate, talked and even became romantic. All his defenses came down, and he allowed me to kiss him on the lips. By Sunday evening, he was not only kissing me back but going down on me and jacking me off.

On Monday morning, the alarm went off at six, and I staggered into the bathroom to make myself an Alka-Seltzer. My head was throbbing with a hangover, but I was overjoyed that someone like Foster had come into my life.

I walked back into the bedroom and looked down at him while he snored softly. He had the same smile as when I first saw

him in the alley. Carefully pulling up the sheets, I saw his plump cock with a semi-erection. I went down on it, causing him to awaken, startled. And then he relaxed and allowed me to continue until he climaxed gently, releasing only a small amount of semen. Extracting every drop from his urethra, I kissed him on the lips and went to get cleaned up.

After I was dressed for work in a business suit, I walked into the kitchen and found him nude, pouring a drink.

He turned toward me and smiled. "Well, well, look at *this*!" He looked me up and down. "What kind of work do you do?"

"Cost accountant. What did you do?" I asked, wondering if he'd give me another piece to the puzzle.

"Football coach."

Amazed, I was about to ask him more, but I decided not to push my luck. After all, there was that night when I got home. "I'll be home around six-thirty. Just make yourself at home, okay?" I paused to see if he'd offer more. "You *will* wait for me, won't you? Hell, you don't have anyplace to go anyway."

He grinned, taking a sip of his drink. "I'll be here."

"I left my office number by the telephone in the bedroom, just in case you want to call me." I smiled at him lovingly. "It gets pretty dull at work."

"It *sounds* dull," he said, obviously comfortable around me.

"Well . . . " I hated to leave him. "I'll be going now. See you at six-thirty." I placed my arms around him and kissed him passionately. He responded passively, but he didn't seem to mind the affection while in a relatively sober state.

"Don't work too hard," he said as I walked to the door.

I placed my hand on the knob and looked back at him.

He toasted me, and I left.

***

When I returned home that night, he was gone. There was no note, and the Scotch bottle was still in the same spot with the same level of fullness.

I took a cab downtown and walked all throughout the area where I'd found him. I described him to every shabby-looking man I encountered and asked if they'd seen him. Most wouldn't—or couldn't— talk to me. One younger man said he knew where Foster was and would tell me if I gave him ten. I did so and found out that Foster had been abducted by humanoid reptilians from a parallel universe.

It became obvious to me that Foster knew that I'd come for him and moved to another area.

Near midnight, having searched all the derelict haunts on the near south and west sides, I gave up and took a cab back home, where I drank myself into a stupor.

I never heard from him or saw him again, but the encounter had a profound effect on me. After losing my job after binging for four straight days, I entered a detox center on Chicago's northwest side. When I got out, I found another job and joined AA, where I met and fell in love with Tony, a brown-eyed, olive-skinned, sober version of Foster.

A week before Tony and I were to move into an apartment on the Gold Coast, I received a late-night call from a man identifying himself as Detective Richardson with CPD Homicide. He said that a "John Doe" with my name and telephone number on him was murdered and that he wanted me to come in to help him determine the man's identity.

Hoping that it was someone else to whom I'd given my name and telephone, I took a cab the next morning to Area Six Homicide and had the driver wait for me. Inside, I walked up to a desk sergeant and asked to talk to Detective Richardson. I was led to a large upstairs office with several desks in close proximity. There were only four men there, and one—a heavy man about thirty— waved at me while talking on the telephone. I approached him and sat in the chair he pulled out for me. I gazed across his desk and saw a piece of paper with my name and telephone number written on it. Then I saw a morgue photo of Foster's grey face. I felt a deep, bitter cold permeating my entire body.

"Yeah," said the detective to someone on the phone. "You Detective Ferguson with Cleveland PD that called yesterday? Okay, we just sent you the photos and prints. But we got a guy who just came in who can maybe clean this thing up." He held his hand over the receiver. "Was your friend a Foster Arlington from Cleveland?" He pointed at the morgue shot.

"I only knew him as Foster," I choked.

He released his hand. "We got a positive here. You can notify the family now, or you can wait for the photos and prints .... What's that?"

Tears began to roll down my cheeks as I felt the crush of the "big *what if*" overpowering me. *What if I'd stayed with him and not gone to work?*

"His wife was killed by a drunk driver? So he becomes a drunk. That makes sense. Head football coach where . . . ? Jesus! And six kids and four grandkids to boot! Goddamn shame .... What . . . ? All I know is he was a bum. The guy was pickled when he was knifed by some Puerto Rican gang members looking for some kicks."

"Do you need me any more?" I interrupted.

The detective shook his head. "No, you can leave. Thanks for coming in." He turned his back to me.

Without considering the consequences, I took the photo of Foster and left.

As the urge to have a drink became overpowering, I saw a pay phone downstairs and dialed Tony's work number.

"Anzio," Tony announced.

"Tony?" My voice cracked.

"Reynaldo?"

"I'm in trouble, Tony."

"No, you're not. You got me."

"I'll be home in twenty minutes."

"I'll be there waiting for you."

I hung up and staggered to the foyer as tears came with a vengeance. I looked at the photo again and slid down into a corner. I thought I could see a slight smile on his face. *Why did you write down my number? Was it because you were going to call me, or did you just want me to know? You knew, didn't you? You could smell it as it came for you.* A tear fell onto the photo, and I quickly wiped it dry. *Well, they can't hurt you any more.*

I held it to my forehead, as if trying to join him in spirit.

(Continued on page 49)

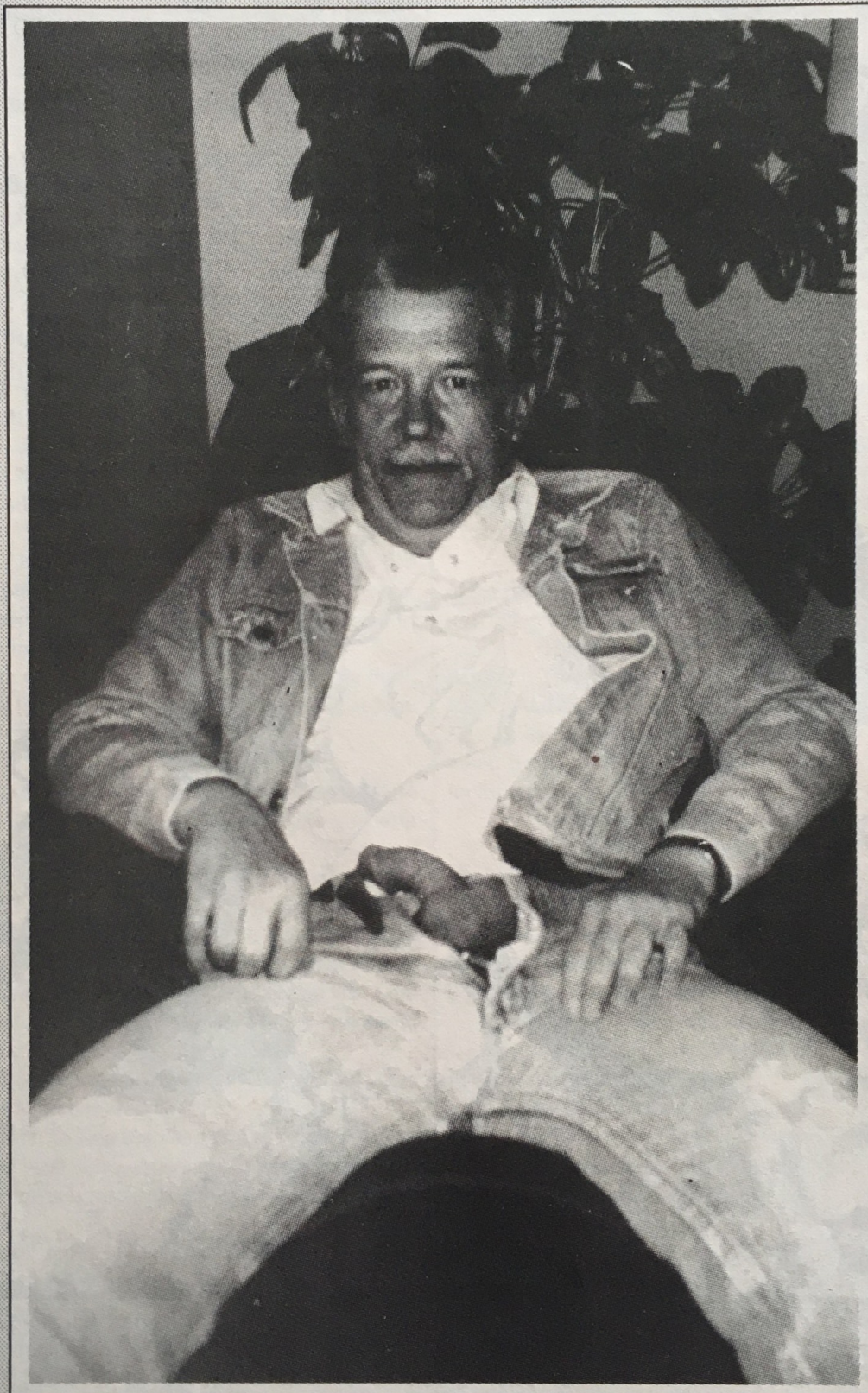
THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH

Zeus with Ledo. Being far overshadowed in legend by his distant cousin, Leda the Brazen, Ledo's story begs also to be told. Leda's encounter with Zeus/Swan is shown in painting and stone worldwide in museums; even Leonardo and Michelangelo had a go at her depiction. Poor Ledo, on the other hand, got very skimpy press. But the art work here proves that in truth, lightning can strike twice in the same family. Shown here also is Cassandra Cat wondering what all the fuss is about and wishing the bird a more eatable size.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has lived with fellow artist, BILL THREE, for 26 years. He collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. We will feature some in full color in a future issue.

RAY T

photo by joel



THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ARIZONA

(6/93) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(4/93) SERIOUS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Non-drinker, non-user, 50, fit, and fond of well-endowed, over 50, who are self-sufficient and healthy. I'm looking for good friends worldwide with the possibility of a good relationship. Hobbies include watching college athletics, collecting nude male photos, and watching attractive men. I'm an occasional model: 5'-9", 180#, hairy, bearded. If interested, write with photo to Mickey, P.O. Box 228, Knightsen, CA 94548.

(4/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, sometimes dominant GWM, 55, balding, greying, 6 ft., 205#, facial/body hair, professional, seeks over 21, any race, who is at least sexually submissive. We're both affectionate, stable, HIV negative, nonsmokers, don't use drugs, and drink rarely, if ever. Write: J. Allen, 3145 Geary Blvd. #354, San Francisco, CA 94118.

(4/93) TWO MASCULINE, AGGRESSIVE PROFESSIONAL MEN seek a younger guy to join us for physical and mental contact leading to possible trio relationship in suburbs of San Francisco. Write: S.H., P.O. Box 31703, San Francisco, CA 94131.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(NS4/93) EURASIAN: 40, youthful, swimmer's build, mature, sincere, warm, caring and affectionate, highly educated, medical professional, well-traveled, seeks older, 60+ gentleman who is clean-shaven, cultured, courtly and distinguished-appearing for a warm, intimate friendship. White hair/overweight a plus. Discretion/photo appreciated. Write: **CARING IN SACRAMENTO**

(6/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-11", 195#, retired, nonsmoker/light drinker, hairy, white thinning hair, straight acting. Interests: music, golf, fishing, cards, dining, travel. Looking for companion, possible lifemate, 50-75, who is religion-accepting. Prefer a stocky to larger-built person. Note and your picture for mine to: Jim, 5251 Cribari Lane, San Jose, CA 95135.

(4/93) NORTHERN CA: Active, 51, 5'-10", 165#, looking for sincere, honest, older man, tall and weight in proportion. Prefer slender. I am a nonsmoker, light drinker. Like to hike, bicycle, camp, swim, boat and garden. Also like walks, classical music, quiet evenings, cuddling, massage and nudity. Photo, please. Will answer all. Write: Kevin, P.O. Box 1356, Windsor, CA 95492.

(6/93) NORTH AND CENTRAL CA: Witty Spaniard (professional, 57, retired), invites mature, high-minded immigrants (in U.S.A.) to an enduring and endearing interchange. Interests: communication, closeness (amorous or platonic), conversation, massage, orchids, trading erotic videos, robust humor, the humanities, much more. Write: R.G., P.O. Box 3464, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-

shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(6/93) PALM SPRINGS GWM: 35 yrs, 5'-11", 160#, attractive, masculine, clean-cut marine look, brown hair, brown eyes, gentle spirit, and a swimmer-type body. And I'm nuts for men over 60 years old . . . period! So if you're moderately trim (preferably thin), versatile, and looking for sensual fun, affection and friendship . . . let's say no more. Send photo (nude, if possible) for mine to: Springer, 100 S. Sunrise Way #107, Palm Springs, CA 92262-6737.

(4/93) PETER PANDA SEEKS MATE: See my photos in CR #50, page 11. Are you straight-looking, 50-60 years old, hoping for enduring relationship? Please answer and send your picture. Write: **PETER PANDA**

(4/93) BIG, BURLY MEN OVER 60: Wanted for mutual French and sincere friendship. Be macho, HIV negative, real, hung. I am 51, straight-acting, white, 5'-6", 185#. Prefer whites and Latins. Am especially turned on by uniforms and men with hard bodies. Write: L.T.A., P.O. Box 1950, Carlsbad, CA 92008.

(4/93) NATIONWIDE: Retired Chinese, 62, 5'-6", 175#, and W/M friend, 75, 6', 225#. Interests: gourmet dining, fishing (have lakefront home), classical music, oil painting, and orchids. Would like to meet genteel people for friendship and hobbyist to trade *awarded, award-quality, or rare* orchids. Penpals welcome. Write: **CHOP-CHOP**

(6/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 37, 6'-2", 195#, masculine, good shape, moustache, nonsmoker, clean-cut, HIV negative,well-educated, good job, seeks older (45+), dominant, masculineman for quiet times with classical music, good food and talk. Photo/phone requested. Write: **ALLEN**

(10/93) SAN DIEGO: Masculine Asian, discreet, moustache, 47, 5'-9", 181#, trustworthy, calm, working retiree, HIV negative, excellent cook, who enjoys travel, sports and languages, is seeking 40+, stocky to heavyset, white/Mexican for friendship and fun. Possible relationship with the right person. Uncut a plus. All replies answered. Photos/phone requested but not mandatory. Write: J.C., 3770 Vermont St. #B, San Diego, CA 92103.

(NS8/93) SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Local friendship. Affectionate, good-looking, trim, in-shape, furry, 67 (look 57), bright, caring, genuine, oral, 5'-6", 125#, cut. No smoke, drink. Write: B.D.L., P.O. Box 232308, Encinitas, CA 92023.

(NS6/93) BISEXUAL-AFRICAN AMERICAN: 46, 5'-9", 185#, well-educated professional. Celebrations and gifts come and go. One of the greatest gifts still not given is that special person who is mature, discreet, and honest about his feelings and desires. It is not the external person but the internal person that means the most to me. Love is the ability to recognize this inner splendor in another person and give it expression. If you share these values, I would like to hear from you. Be prepared to explore a creative and loving friendship. Write: **AMOUR**

(8/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 5'-7", 140#, grey/brown, blue/green, 5" with one-inch long foreskin, friendly, passive. Like aggressive, mature tops, any size, shape, race. Couples welcome. Write: Larry Berthelsen, P.O. Box 90935, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-0935.

(6/93) CR COVERMAN (#46): Desires correspondence and picture exchange with CR readers. Not looking for a lover presently, but would love to expand my circle of loving friends. BEARS ESPECIALLY WELCOME, but all letters with pictures answered. Write: Silenus Honey, 5152 LaVista Court, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

(NS4/93) SHASTA COUNTY (REDDING) or LOS ANGELES: Good-natured, sincere, dependable, attractive young man, 27, seeks position as your personal assistant and right hand man (no live-in). Housekeeping, bookkeeping, yardwork, masseur--you name it. Write for photo, résumé and detailed letter. Dean, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd. #452, West Hollywood, CA 90069-4511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(6/93) D.C.: W/M, 5'-6", 165#, masculine, educated, in pursuit of pleasure with experienced sexual enthusiasts from 35-55, for long evenings of sensual, uninhibited adventure. Write: T.C., P.O. Box 75767, Washington, DC 20013, or call (202) 488-4137 'til 2:00 am.

FLORIDA

(4/93) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 66. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(4/93) NORTH DADE/SOUTH BROWARD: Lonesome and looking for someone very special who is not averse to chancing it with a discreet, honest, articulate, masculine and young-appearing 70+ GWM. A healthy nonsmoker, social drinker who enjoys quiet evenings at home, TV, reading, movies, shows, opera, concerts, spectator sports, bowling, walking, cooking and eating at home. This romantic youngster is average-looking, 5'-6-1/2", 160# chubby (not fat), cuddly, affectionate, and very passionate when properly aroused. Masterful active French and sensual passive Greek. Smooth hairless skin that is excited by the contact of a firm, hairy body. I hope to find and please a mature, masculine, hairy-chested top man who enjoys lots of affection and attention, hot safe sex and my cooking. We will be friends by day and lovers at night. Where are you? A picture, please. Write: **DIOGENES**

(4/93) PALM BEACH: Mature GWM Bear, 50, 5'-10", 230#, black/hazel, 8.5" cut, top, HIV negative, seeks young, masculine, good-looking, intelligent guy who is loving, caring, humorous and clean-cut. I'm an easy-going, entrepreneurial businessman who is well-travelled, multilingual and into computers and simplicity. Write with photo to: S.C., P.O. Box 3392, Palm Beach, FL 33480, or phone (407) 881-8095.

GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(4/93) WANTS LOVER IN ATLANTA: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 195#, hairy, Greek passive, wise, artsy, teacher/writer, homebody, nonsmoker, wants 35 and under, sharp, affectionate, down-to-earth. Jim, Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30031.

ILLINOIS

(6/93) ILLINOIS: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63-year-old Daddy top wants a strong, heavy-set son bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, have safe sex with me. Write: J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

LOUISIANA

(4/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 6'-2", 180#, brown/hazel, moustache, masculine, assertive, postgraduate, active. I'm a homebody, but enjoy travel, theatre, sports. Seeking long-

term relationship with GWM, 50+, nonsmoker, masculine, clean-shaven, weight-conscious, hairy (preferred), sexually versatile, financially secure, free to travel/relocate. Your photo gets mine. Write: **YANKEE**

MARYLAND

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(6/93) BOSTON AREA: GWM couple, early 40s and 60s, seeks other GWM single or couple over 40 for possible friendship/safe sex--Boston area. Include photo (returnable upon request) with letter describing interests. Write: **NEON**

MICHIGAN

(4/93) SOUTHEASTERN MICHIGAN: White male, 44, 5'-10", 190#, balding, brown/brown, average build, above average abilities. Versatile, no-roles kind of guy. Age not important, attitude is. Let's compare attitudes! Response assured--your picture gets mine. Your letter starts my engine. Write: **HOT WHEELS**

MISSISSIPPI

(6/93) YOUNG: 65, 170#, 6" uncut, top, seeks older, over 200#, uncut overnighter or permanent companion. Living is cheap here. One hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(10/93) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual, minimum body hair, HIV negative, healthy, uncut 6", secure, educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, lives alone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends.

NEW MEXICO

(6/93) CLOVIS: 6'-0", 200#, 38-year-old, blond hair, blue eyes, fairly hairy professional seeks older teddy bears for friendship/companionship for movies, dinners, quiet times, good conversation, and good ole fashioned sex, etc. Real hairy, bearded, NM, CO, OK, TX a plus. Photo gets mine and all responses answered. Write: Jeff, P.O. Box 1164, Clovis, NM 88101.

NEW YORK

(6/93) WANTED: COMPANION OVER 60! GWM, 42, 6'-1", trim, hairy, masculine, nonsmoker, non-promiscuous, health-conscious (HIV negative), romantic, caring, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, self-respecting and dignified gentleman, 60+ for companionship and passionate, monogamous relationship. Any area. Detailed letter and photo essential. Write: Steve, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(4/93) STRONG SENIOR WANTED: Manhattanite, looking nationwide for mature, 65-80, stocky, muscular, rugged, heavy-chested man, but if you are white-haired, husky and distinguished type, I will flip over you, too. I am a 51-year-old, 6 ft., 180#, 7", wavy-white-haired, debonair executive. Photo, please. **THE ECONOMIST - NEW YORK**

(4/93) SIT ON A HAPPY FACE! Depraved, dentured, deepthroated asslover's long hot tongue in search of big-assed, lecherous, lovin' partners. Also into kissing, nippleplay, gumming you to ecstasy. Prefer husky hirsutes (not exclusively), tattooed, blue collars, cops, male couples, groups. Write: R.A.R., Box 3084, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(10/93) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(4/93) DADDY WANTED: South Asian, 29, boyish, slim, sincere, masculine, conservative, seeks Daddy for monogamous relationship. Please be sincere, loving, caring, affectionate, romantic and healthy. Prefer over 200#. Please write with photo to: Boy, P.O. Box 6426, Albany, NY 12206.

OHIO

(8/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 44, 5'-4", 190#, seeks young friends, penpals or son types, age 18-49, interested in a non-relationship Dad in your life. Have many interests and much to offer. I am sincere, passionate, caring, and loving. Send letter with possible photo to H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

OKLAHOMA

(4/93) BURLY IS STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

TEXAS

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(4/93) COUNTRY COWBOY: 59, 6'-3", 190#, white, masculine, moustache, Marloboro Man, nonsmoker, honest, in-shape, seeks same, slim partner, 35-50, French active/passive, endowed, cut, photo. "Hoss" Hatcher, Route 5, Box 90, Muleshoe, TX 79347.

(6/93) TEXAS: GWM, 38, 155#, 6'-0", HIV +. Wish to meet clean-shaven men over 50 nationwide and Canada. Prefer nonsmokers, and photo appreciated. Write: **NORTH TEXAN**

VIRGINIA

(4/93) AGGRESSIVE DADDY BEAR SEEKS CUBS: Masculine, discreet, hairy GWM, bearded with salt and pepper hair, 48, 6ft., 220+ lbs, muscular/stocky with hazel eyes, HIV negative. Desires friendship with healthy, intelligent, sincere, humorous, sexually submissive, furry bottom cub (any age), who also enjoys boots, leather and Levis, wrestling, Harleys, cowboy hats, country music and dance with lots of kissing, cuddling and worshipping my football player-built body head to toe. I will call all the shots, and you will be a slave to my beer can thick cock. Write: **DADDY GYM**

(8/93) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7-1/2", endowed, HIV-, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 75-year-plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

(8/93) VIRGINIA: Bi, white, married male, wife unaware, 59, 6'-1", 195#, well hung. Previously top only, but now desire to provide complete French to clean, healthy in Richmond area only. WS, rim also available. Race, age unimportant. Call weekday, 7 am to 3 pm: (804) 370-0153. "Doc"

WASHINGTON

(4/93) SPOKANE AREA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 61, 190#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bears, 40+ for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, opera, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe every summer. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10",230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

(4/93) LOCAL, NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL: 56 YO, masculine GWM, 5'-11", 170#, brown hair, blue eyes, hairy, photo in issue #54. Would like to hear from younger guys, 20s-30s. Prefer smooth, muscular builds. Especially interested in Aussies. Write: **ROUGH RIDER**

(6/93) VANCOUVER AREA: Couple, 65 and 35, both stocky, wants to meet other intergenerational couples for friendship, camping, dinners and fun. Couples like DENNY & BIG MAC a big plus. So write already. **LAYTON & SEAMUS**

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(4/93) AUSTRALIA: 1925 Australian model convertible tourer, good motor and duco, bit rusty from lack of use, very few previous owners, would like to drive down Life's Highway with 1945 or later model. If earlier and still in good condition, write just the same. Foreign models, especially dark colours, welcome. Don, P.O. Box 44, Bomaderry, NSW 2541, AUSTRALIA.

(6/93) EUROPE/GERMANY: Healthy young man, 49, seeking elderly, dominant Daddy to welcome in his big flat in Bavarian countryside for friendship and more. Love nature, arts, music. Write: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 8221 Teisendorf, GERMANY. Tel: 08666 8615.

(6/93) ENGLAND: GWM, 40s, fit, strong top, straight acting, non-scene, seeks 60+, stocky/overweight, down to earth/discreet guy with zest for living. Hopefully visiting U.S. in 93. Photo. Will return. **ROADRUNNER**

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing him. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else. If the advertiser refuses to return photos, please let us know.]

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PERMANENT CARETAKER SOUGHT: By senior couple in the California High Desert above Palm Springs. Seeking: Retired man, nonsmoker/drugger, 60 or over, strong and in good health. Duties: Oversee large, spectacular duplex house on 80-acre canyon property and care for dogs and plants while owners are traveling extensively. Payment: Free lodging in the form of exclusive use of the entire downstairs unit. Owners will pay an agreed-to hourly rate for repair work to house, grounds or duties above and beyond routine caretaking. References will be required. Contact: Earl Sharp, 53167 - 29 Palms Highway, Morongo Valley, CA 92256.

CR BACK ISSUES

In search of past issues of CR and SWAN Magazines no longer in circulation, dating from 1986-91. Please! Don't throw these treasures away. Let's make a deal. Write: Dave F., 1021

Stanley St., Schenectady, NY 12307.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS FOR MATURE MEN

(NOTE: Some of the following welcome younger admirers of mature men. Inquire about age requirements.)

PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major cites from coast to coast and in Canada. Call or write Woody Baldwin for the club nearest you.

S.A.G.E., 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. (212) 741-2247. Stands for Senior Action in a Gay Envirnment, Inc., and is a social services organization for senior gays and lesbians. This group does a lot of charity work for needy elderly gay and lesbian citizens.

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND. A social and support organization for senior men in Great Britain.

NISSE - SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S 104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. Social and support group for Scandanavian men called "Senior-groupe."

ARTWORK FOR SALE

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR.

THE ARTWORK OF CALIBAN - original Bigmen artwork for sale. Write: CALIBAN c/o CR.

THE RESCUE . . . fiction by OCHO

(Continued from page 42)

And then it hit me. "You rescued *me*," I whispered as the tears ebbed. And then a wonderful warmth enveloped me.

I placed the photo inside my wallet and, wiping my eyes with my shirt sleeves, walked to the cab.

***

Author's Note: This story is based on two true stories. Special thanks to Alvaro in Chicago and our own Patricio for sharing their stories. OCHO

OCHO is a Chicago advertising copywriter of Venezuelan and Japanese ancestry. He doesn't write much fiction, but when he does, it's awesome. He's also one of your publisher's best critics and an alter ego of sorts. He lives with his life partner of over twenty years and is highly closeted.

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers, as you can surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

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HEY!

DON'T MISS OUT ON THE NEXT CR CLASSICS ISSUE!

Due out around the middle of May, it will feature our 8th novel, along with mostly nudes of all your favorite models. We're saving all our hottest material for this issue, so expect a rise in the excitement index. We'll even present some action shots in the spirit and fine taste of magazines like BULK MALE and BEAR. That's right. The gloves come off on CR CLASSICS!

If your address label has an "S" on it, you'll automatically get the next CR CLASSICS. If not, then remit the appropriate amount on the order form in the back and we'll make sure you get it toward the middle of May.

KENN RICHIE

GAY EDGAR WHO-VER?

Any literary agent worth a fraction of his percentage knows how to order a martini lunch and start a publisher salivating: "Anthony Summers will dish the dirt of former F.B.I. director, J. Edgar Hoover's having been a closet gay. We can get plenty of juicy details into an excerpt in *Vanity Fair*, a great promo quote from Norman Mailer, and . . . . Waiter? Make those doubles, very dry. Now, about the film rights . . . "

Another historic figure is "outed." It's far too late for him to enjoy any interesting proposals, roses or Valentine cards as a result, so, who cares?

It seems that in this case, a great many people care a lot. The Hoover exposé is suddenly the talk of the planet with press, television, tabloids and comedy writers scrambling for access to every lurid detail.

Most everyone, it seems, enjoys a game of "Do You Believe?" In that respect, it should be mentioned that rumors about the late Mr. Hoover have been heard long before this. Summers' most dramatic source is one Susan Rosensteil, widow of a prohibition liquor magnate, who tells of drag and sex parties in the 1950s. Did she witness these, as she claims, or did she hear the same stories most everyone else heard at the time? "Did you hear about J. Edgar?" topped even "Nice weather" at most chic cruise bars during that and the next decade! (The ice breaker about Mae West being a man in drag ran a close second.) One had to talk about something—or someone—in those days in order to turn the conversation to the topic of gay sex. Remember?

But, Summers and his publishers (G.P. Putnam's Sons) are reasonably reputable and responsible. *Official and Confidential - The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover* only presents its theory with its evidence and allows the verdict to be reached by the reader. It is so well-presented that "reasonable doubt" isn't much of an argument against the case offered. The gossip about Mae West wasn't true, but what they're saying about J. Edgar certainly appears genuine.

"If he was, so what?" you say. "His private life should be his own business, right?" Sadly, that's not quite true in this case.

The profound impact this revelation has on our history and on our lives today is mind boggling! The book's central thesis is that organized crime sources had compromising photos and evidence of Hoover's sex life, and the threat of exposure kept him in their control. It is a matter of public record that he ignored the growth of organized crime and looked the other way from the very evil he was supposed to be fighting. The insanity we see today of crime and drugs may, in fact, have been allowed to grip our nation greatly because Hoover was so frightened and vulnerable to blackmail. The speculation as to what lengths he might have gone to in order to hide his secret is chilling! How many official investigations may have been sabotaged or buried? What other powers of the F.B.I. may have been used or abused?

The public's right to know in this case *is* genuine in the sense that only such awareness can prevent history from repeating itself. Some barn doors must be locked even when the horse has gone, then painted brightly with the warnings of "Never Again!" J. Edgar Hoover's near-unlimited power as director of the F.B.I. and his access to private and personal files of others are such doors.

The fact that he liked boys and flapper costumed drag is of no importance. The fact that he could be blackmailed over it is! The implication that he might have fought fire with fire, developed techniques of spying on the private lives of others, and threatening those in high places should be a shocking and sobering warning to all.

The best way for each and every one of us to begin to heed that warning is to find better things to talk about in cruise bars!

Years of being targets of prejudice have seduced gay people into the false belief that we can, somehow, redeem our image in hate-filled eyes by citing famous artists and leaders in history who just happened to be gay. The temptation to "borrow" a bit of dignity, respect or glory as an argument in defense of our own challenged self-esteem has been too convenient. "So what?" should have been the answer to the first mention of J. Edgar or Mae, and, in fact, to every name so mentioned, present or past.

We no longer need to talk about someone else to break the ice before we feel safe to reveal ourselves. As more and more gay people "come out," closet and barn doors are being shut behind them, painted with the words, "Never Again," to lock away the nightmares of fear and blackmail.

Eventually, the publishers, the television talk shows, the tabloids and others will say, "So what?" to any exposé of someone's private sex life. Agents will find that even martinis won't help to sell such materials.

Still, you'll never guess who I saw browsing the beefcake magazines at the arcade . . . uhmm . . . never mind. I meant to say, "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?"

KENN RICHIE is a cofounder and principal contributor. Under another name (his real one) he is an award-winning playwright and even opened a play on Broadway. Many of his screenplays were brought to the silver screen. He lives in Los Angeles with his cats.

BOOK REVIEW

CHARLES CHIARELLI

MEN WHO BEAT THE MEN WHO LOVE THEM
Battered Gay Men and Domestic Violence
by David Island, PhD, and Patrick Letellier, MA
$19.95, 244 pp, Haworth Press

It has been only a little more than twenty years or so that domestic violence among heterosexuals was brought into public awareness. Statistics and data have been gathered over this period of time so that consciousness of the full extent of the nature and frequency of the violence has been raised. Even though there have been centuries of accepted heterosexual role models, there is still considerable confusion in the modern world about what it means to be a man or a woman. In terms of societal concepts of male/female relationships, and the generally accepted continuous struggle for power, domination and control within the traditional family roles, physical and mental violence seemed to me to be a logical but unfortunately frequent outcome in heterosexual partnerships. I have to confess that in my anger with the homophobic straight world and their smug assumption that, in spite of their own confusion, their way is the only right way to love and be sexual, I in turn, smugly but mistakenly felt that domestic violence was almost exclusively a heterosexual problem brought on themselves by their own restrictive sexual attitudes.

When Pat Colley asked me to do a review of this book, I had no idea what I was getting into when I agreed to do it. Domestic violence (DV) is not a subject that makes light, entertaining reading. It is an upsetting and disturbing topic, but it is an important facet of human nature and relationships of which we should all be aware. It never occurred to me that such violence occurred in gay relationships. In my naivete, if DV was discussed at all or even hinted at, it was assumed that since we were dealing with a homosexual relationship, it was a facet of the partnership that was probably mutually acceptable. And so, after reading the book, I am ashamed to say I discovered that I am guilty of having believed at least five of the fifteen myths and misconceptions about gay DV which the authors outline and carefully disprove. It was also very shocking to learn that DV in gay male relationships is currently the third largest health problem for gay men in America.

This is the first book written on gay men's domestic violence; no other literature exists and very little research has been done. The authors discuss the many reasons for the ignorance and misconceptions concerning violence in gay partnerships. In their words: *Gay men's domestic violence is not a new problem, just a newly recognized problem. It has existed ever since gay men began coupling and living together. What is new is that abused gay men all over the United States are starting to come forward seeking help as victims of domestic violence. Their lovers are violent men, and the victims are being battered. As these battered men emerge from their "inner closets," they face a gay community and a society at large that is unprepared and ill-equipped to help them.*

As the authors point out, outreach to victims is almost nonexistent and few services are provided, primarily because the victims of gay men's DV are *gay men*; most authorities and law enforcement agencies do not wish to deal with the tedious problem of DV within what they consider to be deviant relationships. Thus, it takes a great deal of strength and courage for an already abused battered gay man to report the crime to indifferent and sometimes hostile authorities. But in most communities, there is no one *but* the police to call; at this time, only in New York City, Seattle, San Francisco and Minneapolis are there gay and lesbian anti-violence support groups available. Little additional progress has been made.

Domestic violence is very carefully described and defined so that there is no doubt in the reader's mind what constitutes violence. Violence can be physical, psychological or intimidating destruction of property, or any combination of these elements. But David Island and Patrick Letellier are adamant in their conviction that *violence is violence, batterers choose to be violent, and batterers create victims, victims do not choose to be victims.* Batterers suffer from a diagnosable, progressive mental disorder which results in criminal and increasingly abusive behavior. Unfortunately, it is always up to the victim to exit such a relationship, since, it is pointed out, batterers do not voluntarily seek help, nor do they suddenly become cured. The authors painstakingly explore and analyze in understandable detail, a great variety of diagnostic and psychodynamic theories of the profiles of both the batterers and the victims. Since research is so sparse in gay men's DV, they present several new theories of their own.

The authors intend, with this comprehensive work, to make the gay community aware of this very serious and painful issue. They not only intensely encourage communities to develop support groups, education projects and protective refuges, but demand that new laws and policy revisions be defined to further criminalize gay domestic violence. Further, they provide excellent advice and plans of action, not only for the battered victims in order to escape from their violent partners, but for the friends of victims to provide assistance, support to carry out the plan of action, and safe temporary hiding places. "For most, if not all batterers, losing their partners is so overwhelming that they would rather kill them than let them go."

What I found most effective in this book was the use of the personal experiences of one of the authors, Patrick Letellier, who was a victim of abuse and violence. These terrifying but poignant accounts are interspersed in the narrative to illustrate the progressive steps required by the victim to acknowledge the abuse and to prepare, both mentally and pragmatically, to implement an escape plan. Supportive help from friends, legal assistance and protection, and positive reinforcement for staying out are all described in detail as necessary processes of the plan.

This is a very important, painfully enlightening book. It is especially important for anyone who is involved in an abusive relationship, or believes the relationship is becoming abusive. The authors have appropriately included a very comprehensive section entitled "Can You Tell If He Is A Batterer Before You Become A Victim?" since typically in 72 to 77 percent of the cases, violence occurs only after a couple has become seriously involved—or is living together—rather than in the early stages of dating. And if you have a friend who you know or suspect is the victim of domestic violence, your support and the advice and information in this book will be crucial to him.

CHARLES CHIARELLI is, first and foremost, the most important person on the face of the earth to John McNeill. He also happens to be our very capable editor. And if you're fond of sexy Sicilian/Canadian/Americans, he's moderately short and stocky and has a smile that can light up a room.

THE FINAL WORD

I'm not afraid any more. I don't worry like I did in the past. Here I sit, a week late on this issue, and I feel like Alfred E. Newman (we even look alike, except I have *all* my teeth missing and less freckles). I'm four weeks behind on correspondence and two weeks late on processing subscriptions and mail orders. I have only six weeks to finish my novel for the next *CR CLASSICS* (all I've done is a first draft). What, *me* worry?

Things appeared to be running smoothly around the first of January, but all that changed when plans for the Gathering blew up in my face and ended up in my lap. Since I don't want to get hit with a slander suit, I'll avoid the details of what went wrong. Suffice it to say that, when things started to sour, everything *but* the Gathering was placed on hold while I frantically sent out bid invitations to ten hotels in the Orlando area. Since we were already committed to a time frame, registration fee and city, we pretty much had to go with the best deal we could get. Then we got the food function pricing and almost fainted. We'd completely forgotten about things like built-in facility rental, 18% gratuity, 10% sales tax, microphone rental, dais rental, entertainment costs, and extras for things like hors d'oeuvres and soup. But instead of crying uncle, we took a hard look at our previous package and began to cut: transfers - budgeted at $15 per person (why should locals driving their own cars and people who rent cars pay for the transfers of a select few?); the tent with sweet rolls and coffee - budgeted at $8 per person (what would melt first, the sweet rolls or the guests?); tickets for two free cocktails - budgeted at $10 per person (why should nondrinkers pay for cocktails?); and commemorative pins, badges and ball caps - budgeted at $7 per person (most wouldn't have worn caps and couldn't care less about commemorative pins). That left only $15 for one meal. In other words, if you were not a drinker who was flying in, taking a free limo to the hotel, and looking forward to sitting around, shooting the breeze under a hot tent with a CR ball cap on, then you were paying $55 for ONE $15 meal with no appetizers and no entertainment.

But all that's changed now. We're staying at a first-class hotel with first-class food in a first-class setting. Every dime of the registration fee is going toward food and entertainment (plus a lot of dimes from *our* pockets, too). Men who had no intention of coming before are changing their minds and joining us. We're highly gratified that a disaster has been averted and a contract has been signed.

So which CR celebrities are coming, you ask? How about: AXOLOTL, AL & JOE, BAMA, BAREKAT, BAY AREA TOP, BRAZOS, THE BANKER, BILL & LEWIS, BUD II, BIG EDDY, WOODY BALDWIN & SEAN, CANCER, CHARLES CHIARELLI & JOHN McNEILL, THE COLONEL & TOMCAT, CARL, ROB DADEO, JOE DI FRANCO, DOOLITTLE, EX-LOGGER, FLORES, GEORGIA PEACH, GREENSKEEPER, GENTLE BEN, TOM HORNER, HORNED TOAD, HANK & GENE WAGNER, JACOB, JEEP, JAMES, JOE & HARRY, JAGER, JOHN BEAR, JACK, KID, K.R.B., LEN, MICHAEL, MICHAEL OF GERMANY, GLEN NORRIS, NARI & HAROLD, PEDER, PETER PANDA, THE PILOT, PALOS VERDE PALS, PAPA & BABY BEARS, ROOSTER, SANTA, SPUD, TURBO, VIKING and PHILLIP WALD for starters? And now that the venue has changed, we understand that several other contributors will be coming. This is one convention you really don't want to miss.

And now that this Issue #55 is almost put to bed, that leaves only the CR CLASSICS issue and the CR #56 issue to get out prior to the Gathering. Call me a fool if you like, but I believe in angels, so . . . Thank you, KENT JUSTICE, THE RED BARON, EARL L., JERRY S., JOHN G., ART L. and BIG D, for looking over our shoulders from wherever you are and keeping the magic alive. There isn't a day that goes by when I don't feel your guidance.

By the way, this issue marks our SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY. Seven wonderful years of getting to know and work with some of the most exciting and wonderful men in the universe. It's utterly amazing how much we've learned about publishing and human nature these past years. It's especially gratifying to know that I've personally grown up a lot during my tenure at the wheel of this rag. Even Bruce will attest to the fact that I've mellowed considerably (but not enough to suit him yet). I even think before I open my mouth now and have been lucky enough to get a second chance at friendship with some of the fine men I alienated out of rank ignorance.

And speaking of anniversaries, DENNY & BIG MAC, RICHARD THE LION HEARTED & TEX-MEX, and Bruce (THE FRIAR) & I got together in the Antelope Valley the night of March 6th to celebrate a three-way (no, not *that* kind), 8-year anniversary. The intergenerational couplings all began within months apart eight years ago. We've each happily melded with our lifemates, and we're the closest of friends.

We hope you share our enthusiasm for this issue. We've wanted to do something special on JOHN McNEILL for a long time, and we like the way the interview turned out. John is enjoying a surge in popularity and media attention of late and will be doing a lot of traveling to speaking engagements over the next year. In addition to the release of *The Church and the Homosexual* 's fourth edition, which contains John's electrifying scolding of the Vatican hierarchy in the new preface, Beacon Press has announced that both German and French editions of John's second book, *Taking a Chance on God*, will soon hit the streets in Europe.

We're elated to have MARSH CASSADY back with us. This issue's exquisite essay is but a sample of what is to come. He's also given us some longer fiction, and we'll probably do it, along with some of D.W. BRECKENRIDGE's longer material, in our CR CLASSICS Fall/Winter '93/'94 issue.

We're also happy to have OCHO back for a return engagement. I must say that "The Rescue" was a very difficult story to read, because I'm the "Patricio" who furnished him one of the true stories on which he based his work. The character Foster was loosely based on a man I knew as Joe, who haunts me still. The story has a 100% Chicago connection. Alvaro, who provided the other part of the story, still lives in Chicago, as does OCHO. Of course, I lived there when I had the tragic experience with Joe, and RAM lived in Chicago at the same time.

But we can't sign off without acknowledging all the others who helped make this a very special anniversary issue: All of our wonderful models, JOEL, CHELSEA WILLIAMS, QUETZAL, FINNEY EDWARDS, ABE, KOOKABURRA, JON, KEMUSH, CHARLIE CHIARELLI and one of the greats of all time, KENN RICHIE.

Have a great spring, gentlemen!
Pat Colley and Bruce (aka THE FRIAR)

LAST CALL!

FOR THE REVISED AND IMPROVED CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993

AT ORLANDO, FLORIDA, JUNE 5TH AND 6TH

OPEN TO: All fans of CHIRON RISING Magazine. You do not have to be a subscriber.

THE EVENTS: On the evening of Saturday, June 5, 1993, between 300 and 500 friends of CHIRON RISING will converge upon a ballroom in one of Orlando's best and largest hotels for one of the biggest dinner parties ever held for senior men and their male admirers. There will be butlered hors d'oeuvres, both hot and cold. There will follow a gala banquet, complete with four courses of culinary delights, speakers and entertainment. On the morning of June 6th, those same men will be invited to return for a delicious bon voyage brunch buffet. Short and very sweet. No boring meetings or committee discussions. Just a big 9-hour party with a 10-hour rest period thrown in for sleep . . . or continuing your party elsewhere. Plenty of time left over to see the sights of Orlando and meet a hell of a lot of wonderful men. On Friday, June 4th, we'll be available to pass out badges and greet guests who stay at the host hotel. Give us a call. Room's in the name of COLLEY.

REGISTRATION: After you've read about this momentous occasion and decide that it shouldn't be missed, you must fill out the form below and send it to us before April 30th, along with your check for $65.00. That done, we will send you a confirmation with all the information you'll need to make your reservations at the host hotel. You are not required to stay at the host hotel, but you must furnish your own transportation to and from the functions and could possibly miss out on some of the more spontaneous activities up in the rooms. ***Included*** *in the registration fee are the hors d'oeuvres, the banquet, the brunch buffet, and entertainment.* ***Not included*** *are cocktails, hotel accommodations, airport transfers, optional tours/activities, and transportation for the optional tours.* Orlando offers many attractions such as Disney World, Epcot Center, Universal Studio, Sea World, and many others. The host hotel can book these tours for you and can arrange to have all the CR guys together. Wear your BIG MAC BEACHWEAR T-shirts so you can meet more people!

SPECIAL DISCOUNTED ROOM RATES: The host hotel, located approximately equidistant from the airport, downtown and Epcot Center, offers the following special per-room rates for attendants who identify themselves as being with the CHIRON RISING GATHERING group and make their réservations prior to May 1, 1993: Single - $70; Double - $70; Triple - $80; Quad - $90. Suites are available from $200 through $500. THERE IS NO MINIMUM STAY FOR THESE RATES, and they are good from June 2nd through the 9th. All rooms are equipped with a king-size or two queen-size beds. The hotel also has 6 restaurants/bars and 24-hour room service.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Only those who have registered with CR will be allowed into the functions. If you registered previously and have not received your registration confirmation, or if you register now and do not receive your confirmation notice before April 30, please contact us immediately.

CR GATHERING 93 REGISTRATION FORM

NAME:_____ TELEPHONE: ( )_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:_____

REGISTRATION FEE SCHEDULE:

Postmarked no later than April 30, 1993:	$ 65.00 per person
Thereafter. Subject to availability:	$ 75.00 per person

____ I do not need your help in finding a roommate.

____ I request your help in finding a roommate. I prefer _____nonsmoker _____smoker.

Make your check or money order payable to CHIRON RISING, and mail, along with this completed form to: **CHIRON RISING, P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393**

I certify that I am twenty-one years of age or older and that I will not hold CHIRON RISING or its staff responsible for any loss or injury to my person or property due to my own negligence or intentional acts.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

ORDER FORM

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR and two semi-annual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bi-monthly issues of CR and one semi-annual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES -three bi-monthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE	
1992: #48, #50, #51, #52, #53	1.50	3.00	4.00	
1992: #54	3.00	5.00	6.00	
CR CLASSICS - SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES				
FALL/WINTER 92/93 (REDEMPTION . . .)	5.00	7.00	8.00	
SPRING/SUMMER 93 (SWIMMING . . .)	8.00	10.00	11.00	(available 5/15/93)

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand, which are mailed via Air Mail Correspondence rate). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

[4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE:
SIGNED:_____
NAME:_____
ADDRESS:_____

PERSONAL CLASSIFIED AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #56(JUNE 93) NO LATER THAN APRIL 15, 1992

Personal ads are 30 cents per word. Minimum order - $10. Codewords *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year). On a separate sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then attach it to this properly completed form. If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues
YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____
_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____
Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____
Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____
TOTAL REMITTANCE (U.S. funds only) $_____

We reserve the right to alter, re-write or reject any ad we feel is not in the best interest of this publication.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.
(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

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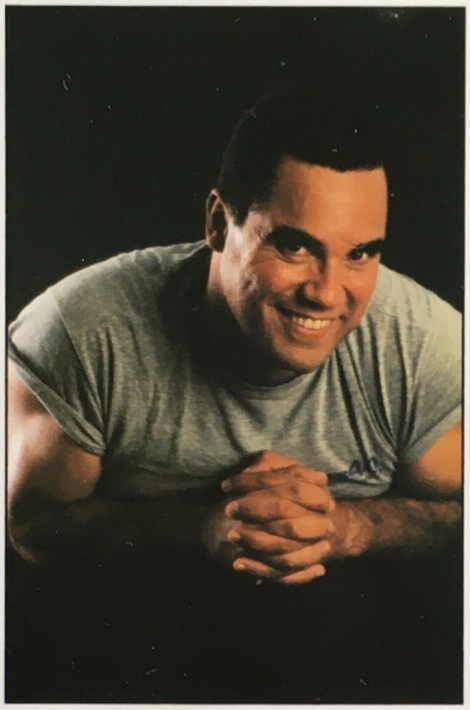
CHELSEA WILLIAMS

THE PRODUCER



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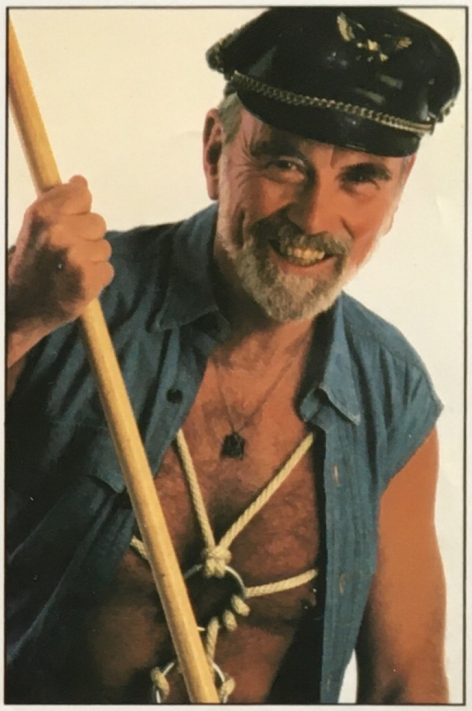

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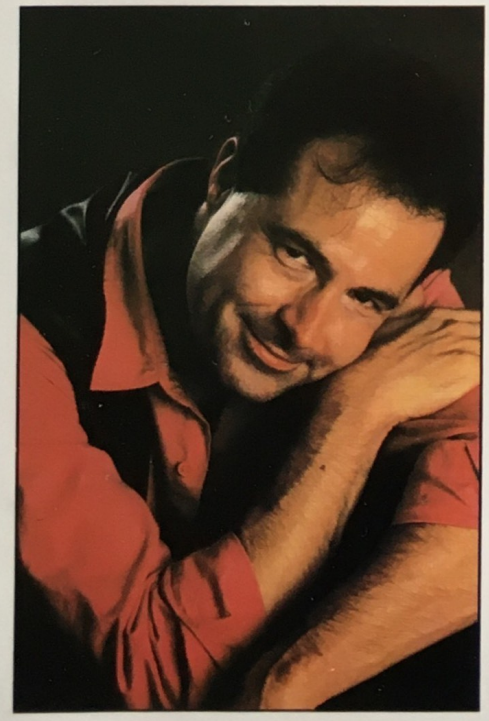

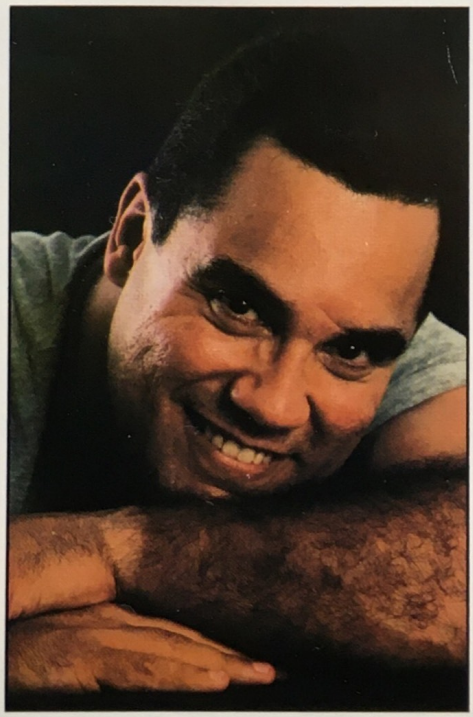

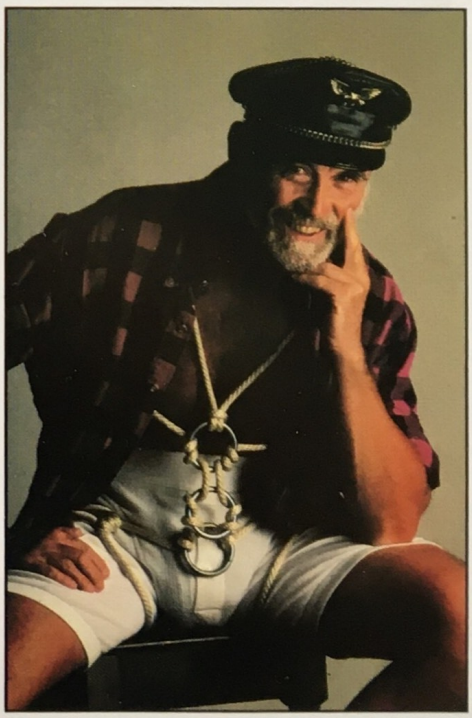

SAMN
photo by MICHAEL